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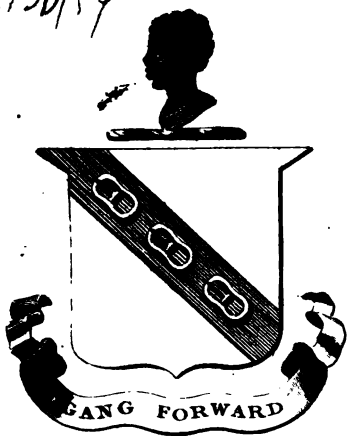
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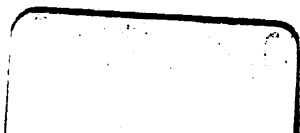
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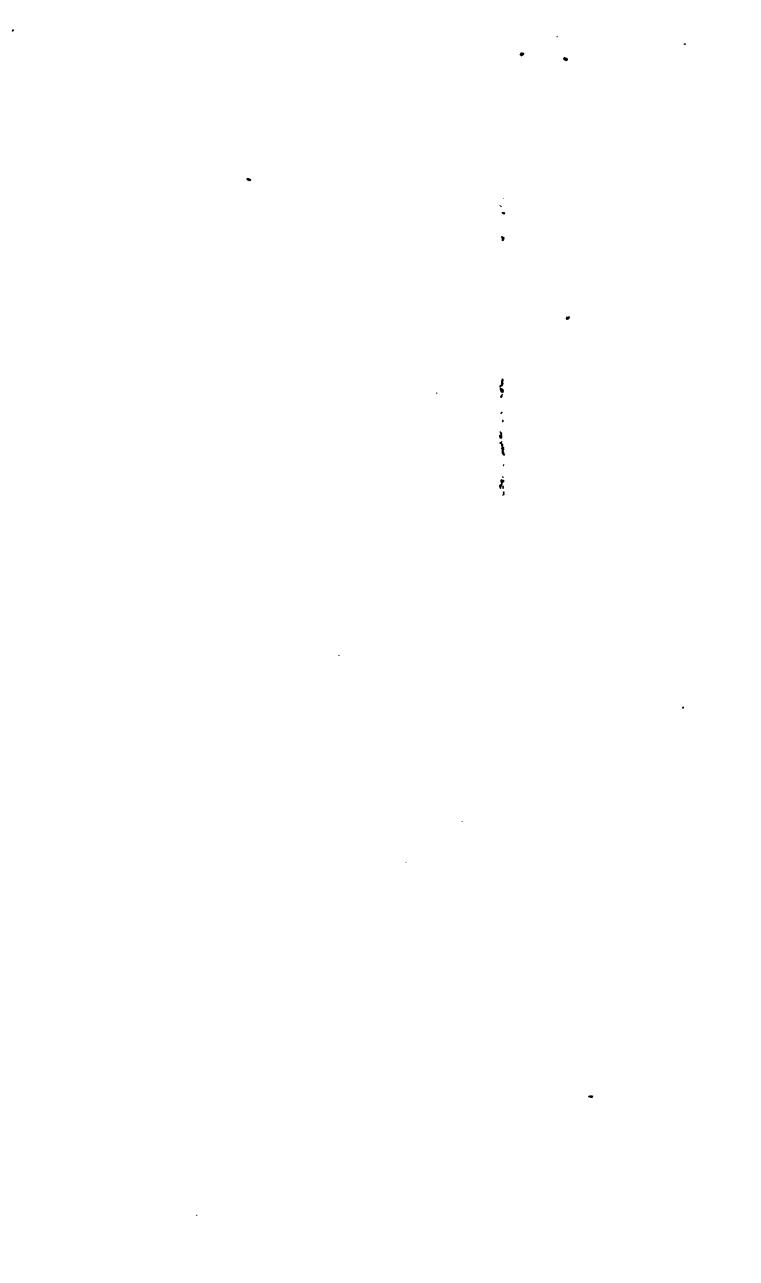
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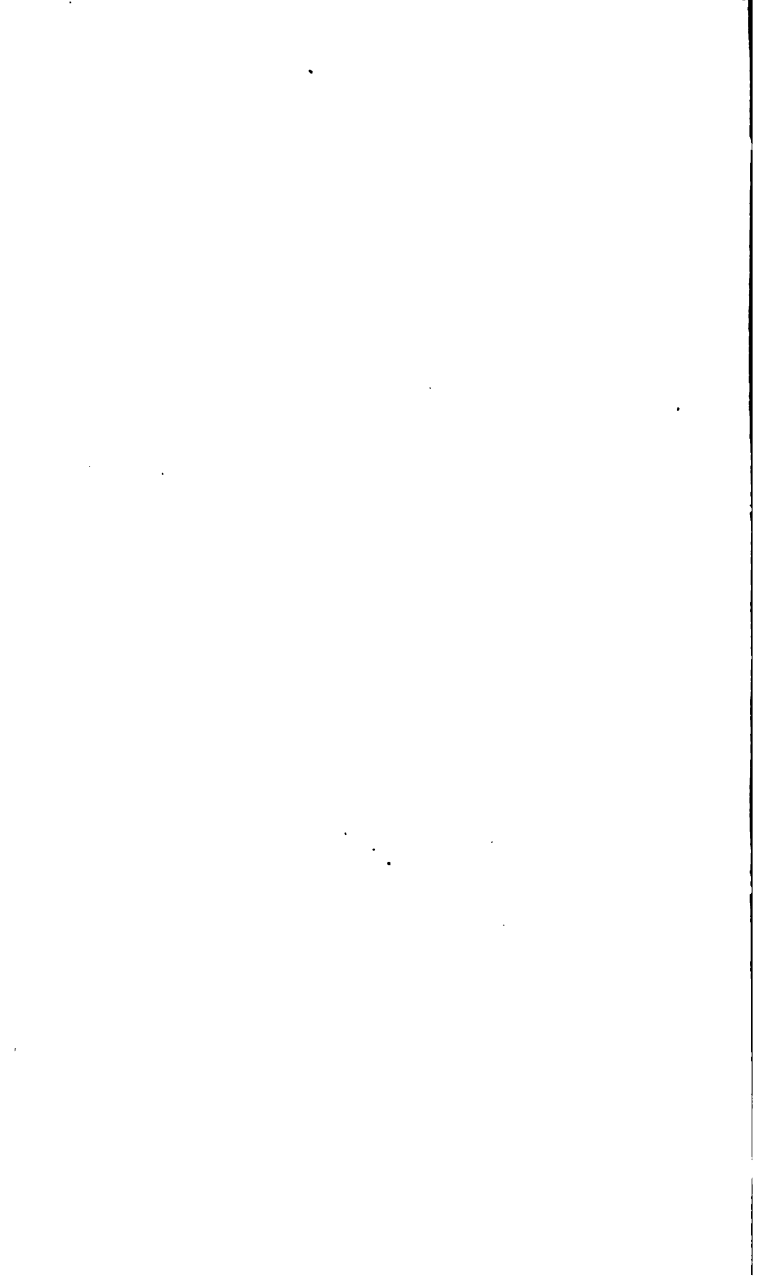
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Charles Stirling.







SKETCHES
OF THE
PRESENT MANNERS, CUSTOMS,
AND
SCENERY OF SCOTLAND,
WITH
INCIDENTAL REMARKS ON THE SCOTTISH
CHARACTER.

BY
ELIZABETH ISABELLA SPENCE,
AUTHOR OF
SUMMER EXCURSIONS—THE NOBILITY OF THE HEART—THE
WEDDING DAY, &c.

THE SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Land of brown heath, and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

O nature! a' thy shews an' forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms.

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A
CALEDONIAN EXCURSION.

LETTER XXVIII.

Stirling, August 18.

Dear Madam,

THIS town has for many ages been distinguished in the records of history, as well as justly admired for the romantic beauty of its situation. The site of the castle is a bold elevation of columns of basaltes; it is singularly magnificent. These natural pillars seem formed on purpose to support the massy building, whose heavy battlements and antique towers give an air of much grandeur to the castle.

The esplanade, leading to the ramparts, commands an extent of prospect far surpassing Windsor, of which we proudly boast.

O grander far than Windsor's brow !
 And sweeter too, the vale below,
 Whar Forth's unrivall'd windings flow
 Through varied grain.
 Bright'ning, I ween, wi' glittering glow,
 Strevlina's plain !

There raptur'd trace, (enthron'd on high)
 The landscape stretching on the e'e,
 Frae Grampian heights down to the sea—
 (A dazzling view)
 Corn, meadow, mansion, water, tree,
 In varying hue.

There mark wi' ardour keen,
 The skelloch * bright mang corn sae green ;
 The purple pea and speckled bean,
 A fragrant store ;
 And vessels sailing morn and e'en
 To Stirling shore.

And Shawpark gilt in e'ening rays,
 And Embro' castle distant grey, †
 Wi' Alva screen'd near Aichil brae,
 Mang grove and bower !
 And rich Clackmannan rising gay
 Wi' wood and tower.

HECTON MACNEILL.

* Wild mustard.

† Edinburgh castle, 35 miles distant, seen from Stirling castle.

Such is Mr. Macneill's poetical description, by no means too highly coloured, for so rich a diversity of landscape I have rarely beheld; and the sylvan beauty of the vale, is finely contrasted by the magnificent range of mountains which bound the scene, considerably heightened by the sweet serenity of a summer's evening, when,

————— Oure the western cliffs sac wild,

O Lomond's height,

The sun in setting glory smil'd,

Wi' purple light.

H. MACNEILL.

The town of Stirling was erected into a royal borough by king David I. about 1150, and is now ranked the fifth borough in Scotland in point of antiquity.

The castle of Stirling, called *Castrum Shivileuse*, was in the twelfth century spoken of as a place of great importance, and one of the strongest fortresses in the kingdom. It did not become a royal residence until the house of Stuart mounted

the throne ; and it was from different princes of his family that it received the additions which brought it to its present form. It was the place of James the Second's nativity, who often resided in it after he came to the crown. The royal apartments were at that period in the north-west corner of the castle ; and in a closet (which I was shewn by Captain F——, and which still goes by the name of *Douglas room*) James II. stabbed William, Earl of Douglas, in direct violation of a writ of safety which he had granted him. Some years since a scull and bones of more than common size, were found in digging up the ground under the above-mentioned closet-window, they were put into a shot-locker, and buried by Mr. Murray, the present armourer of the castle, under the gate of the Stockade which encompasses the magazine. James III. contracting a peculiar fondness for the castle, erected several structures to it, besides repairing and embellishing those which had fallen

into decay. He built a large hall, which was considered in those days, a noble and magnificent fabric ; it is still entire and goes by the name of the Parliament House, having been intended for the accommodation of that supreme court, as well as for other important purposes. It was covered with an oaken roof, of exquisite workmanship, and full of carvings upon the wood according to the taste of that time.* He also erected a college for secular priests, and raised for their accommodation a building which he called the chapel royal,† and which was

* This elegant roof, being too valuable to escape a contractor's eye, it was condemned, and the present one erected.

† To procure funds for the support of a dean, prebends, and a numerous band of singers, musicians, and other officers, he suppressed the priory of Coldingham, and endowed the chapel with the revenues ; a circumstance which produced the rebellion that shortly afterwards occasioned the tragical death of that mild and unfortunate monarch.

HENRY'S HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

He resided much at the castle of Stirling, where he indulged his taste for architecture, music, and

demolished by James VI. in 1594, who erected in the same spot the present chapel, as appears by the date over the entrance, for the baptism of his son Prince Henry.

James V. was crowned in the castle of Stirling, and the palace, which is the chief ornament of it, was erected by that prince.

A strong battery pointing to the bridge over the Forth, was built during the regency of Mary Lorrain, mother to Queen Mary ; it is called the French battery ; probably from having been constructed by engineers of that nation. The last additions were made in the reign of Queen Anne ; formerly they reached no farther than the old gate on which the flag-staff now stands.

Mary Queen of Scots was crowned in

other elegant arts, little cultivated and improved in those unenlightened and barbarous ages. He was murdered in the village of Bannockburn, after the battle in which his son the Duke of Rothsay took arms against his father.—ROBERTSON.

this castle on the fourth of September, 1543, in presence of the three estates of parliament, with vast pomp and ceremony ; and her son James VI. soon after his birth, was conveyed here and baptized the 15th December, A. D. 1566, with much solemnity. After the resignation of his mother Queen Mary, in 1567, a respectable body of nobility, barons, and burgesses, met at Stirling on the 29th of July, and placed the crown on the head of her son James, then about thirteen months old. The famous John Knox preached in the town church on this occasion. His pulpit still remains, and is shewn. In the spring of the year 1313, Edward Bruce, brother to king Robert, laid siege to this castle, but on account of the vigorous defence made by Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, he found himself obliged to abandon the enterprise. After the great victory at Bannockburn, Stirling surrendered to Robert, who treated the garrison with a humanity of which none of the Ed-

wards had given an example. In 1329 death deprived Scotland of the great Robert Bruce, who, by his valour, had recovered the independency of his country, and by his wisdom had preserved entire its whole political fabric.

When General Monk reduced the castle in 1651, he became master of the principal registers of the kingdom, which, on the surrender of the castle of Edinburgh the year before, had been carried to Stirling. He sent them by Cromwell's orders to be lodged in the Tower of London, where they remained until the Restoration of Charles, when, by order of that monarch, they were packed up in a great number of hogsheads, to be carried to Scotland, but the ship being cast away in a storm, they were all irrecoverably lost. In 1806, the present government turned its eyes towards Stirling as a most central situation, and caused the rocky ground in front to be formed into an esplanade, and lately repaired the towers, ending them in a cas-

tellated form, which gives equal effect of strength and beauty.

The castle is now a military station, and converted into barracks for the soldiers.

LETTER XXIX.



Perth, August 19.

THIS part of Scotland is considered very rich and lovely ; and it is not without truth, for the stage from Crieff to Perth is extremely picturesque and beautiful.

At three miles distance from Stirling, on the water of Alloa (a small clear river) I passed through the ancient town of Dunblane. The venerable remains of the fine cathedral are beautifully seated on a high bank overlooking the town. This structure was founded by King David in 1142 ; the greater part is in a ruinous state, except the choir, which is used as a parochial church. Dr. Robert Leighton, who was created Bishop of Dunblane in 1662, bequeathed his library for the use

of the clergy of the diocese of Dunblane, with funds to support it.

Travelling through the romantic plains of Stratherne, with the Ochiels stretching to the left, and the dark and more precipitous Grampians extending beyond them, I arrived at Crieff, sweetly situated at the foot of these hills. The scenery to the left, within a mile of the town, is most happily diversified and picturesque, looking towards Locherne head, where are many pretty woody banks rising one above another on the borders of the meandering and sparkling Erne, which rolls its limpid waters through the valley.

Crieff, on a near approach is as pretty as it looks at a distance. The houses have an air of neatness and comfort which I have not before observed, and the women are cleaner and better drest. Few (even the young ones) were without shoes and stockings. The little boys were mostly attired in a tartan jacket, the Highland kilt, and Scotch bonnet.

Not far from the rural village of Meth-

ven is Lednock, where are to be seen the graves of Bessy Bell* and Mary Grey, whose singular history furnished the subject of the celebrated song written by Allen Ramsay.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Grey,
They were twa bonny lasses,
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And thicket it o'er wi' rushes."

On my arrival at Perth, it was my in-

* The tradition is, "that Bessy Bell was the daughter of the Laird of Kincaid, and Mary Grey the daughter of the Laird of Lednock. Being near neighbours a great intimacy subsisted between the young ladies. When they were together at Lednock, in the year 1645, the plague broke out, to avoid which they retired to this romantic spot, called *Burn Brae*, on the estate of Lednock, where they lived for some time, but afterwards caught the infection from a young gentleman an admirer of both, who came to visit them in their solitude. Here they died, and were buried at some distance from their bower, near a beautiful bank of the river Almond. Major Berry, the late proprietor of Lednock, inclosed, with pious care, the spot of ground, and consecrated it to the memory of these famed and amiable friends."—STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND.

tention to have proceeded the next morning to Aberdeen, but my plan was set aside by the request to join an old friend at Pitcaithley Wells. This small summer retreat is conducted on the same plan as Malvern and Harrowgate. It is five miles hence, and lies at the foot of a range of hills perfectly sequestered from the world.

There are two houses to which the company resort. The Well House, where the waters are drank, and baths; the other is Pitcaithley House, an old mansion, half a mile from the Wells, considered the genteelest, and is the most frequented; but from what I saw of the Well House, I would give it the preference, from the superior appearance it has of cleanness and order. There is a public sitting-room for the visitors, and a public dining-room, with single bed-chambers.

At the Wells we sat down four and twenty to dinner; the number here accommodated does not exceed thirty. The

table is excellent, and the company seemed to be on social and pleasant terms with each other. The amusements consist in walking to the Wells to drink the waters, riding, dancing, and music ; there is a piano-forte kept for the convenience of the company. The short distance from Perth affords the use of a public library, and the letters are delivered here every day. The mineral waters are considered of great efficacy in scorbutic cases ; but the company appear to resort here more for pleasure than for medicine.

On one of the hills adjacent to Pitcaithley there is to be seen a singular druidical curiosity called the *rocking stone*.*

* As it is a very hard whin-stone, its weight, reckoning the cubical foot at eight stones three pounds; may be reckoned to be 418 stones 5 pounds, or within 30 pounds of three tons. It touches the rock on which it rests only in one line, which is in the same plane with the level diagonal, and its lower surface is convex towards the extreme corners, and withdrawing the pressure alternately, a rocking mo-

The use of the rocking stones, or creed of our ancestors concerning them, is well expressed by Mason :—

————— “ Behold yon huge
And unhewn sphere of living adamant,
Which, poised by magic, rests its central weight
On yonder pointed rock. Firm as it seems,
Such is its strange and virtuous property,
It moves obsequiously to the gentlest touch
Of him whose breast is pure ; but to a traitor,
Though even a giant’s prowess nerv’d his arm,
It stands as firm as Snowdon !”

CARACTACUS.

This ordeal was made subservient to the designs of the druidical priests who conducted it.

tion is produced, which may be increased so much that the distance between the lowest depression and the highest elevation is full 4 foot. When the pressure is wholly withdrawn, the stone will continue to rock till it has made twenty-six or more vibrations, from one side to another, before it settles in its natural horizontal position. But the lower side of the stone and the surface of the rock on which it rests, appears to be worn and roughened by mutual friction.

Superstitious regard is paid to them, and none venture to remove them into the corn fields.

LETTER XXX.



Dunkeld, August 21.

I HAD long entertained a wish to visit Dunkeld, and find in my native place a melancholy pleasure in viewing scenes hitherto unknown to me. There is a romantic air attached to every Highland spot, different from any other, and this one is singularly beautiful. The village is encircled in lofty hills, crowned to their summits with dark woods, of the most luxuriant growth, sweeping into the pellucid and lovely Tay. All the rivers in Scotland, as I before remarked, have a liveliness peculiar to themselves.

Dunkeld is seated on the north side of the Tay, and now accesible from Inverness by a noble bridge, built by the Duke of Athol, which gives an air of importance, as well as beauty, to this

little busy town. One or two new streets are now erecting, and several trades and manufactories are here in a flourishing state. One of linen is carried on to a considerable extent. There are two distilleries, a turnery, and several thousand pairs of shoes, I am told, are annually made here, and sent to London and Edinburgh. There are some societies established for the benefit of the poor; and a spirit of benevolence, courtesy, and cheerful industry, appears to characterize the inhabitants of this Highland retreat.

It is admitted, my dear Madam, that there is in every mind a local attachment to the place of one's birth. Here I experienced a pensive sensation in recalling the scenes of infant years. The mingled association of ideas, the awakened powers of early impressions, with the unavoidable reflections of the moment, all pressed upon my mind as I walked over the ground for the first time, where all my father's family, during more than a cen-

tury, had lived highly respected and beloved. When I wandered to the pretty white house of my venerable grandfather, and entered the paternal roof under which I first drew breath; and knew that all those in whose bosoms I was fondly cherished, have long slept in their peaceful graves, then did

“ Remembrance wake with all her busy train,
“ Swell at my breast, and turned the past to pain.”

Few circumstances lead us more seriously to dwell on the transitoriness of human life, than that of visiting, after a lapse of years, the place of our nativity, and finding half its former inhabitants passed away, and only a few aged persons remaining, whose faithful memory supplies the void of long protracted absence. Yet in this little town, I did see a few, who met me with “ recollected
“ love.”

But this is a subject, which is so widely unconnected with my present plan, as to excite no interest in strangers; perhaps,

therefore, an apology is due for introducing it. Yet, if there be any, whose sensations have been similar to mine, from a similarity of circumstances, they will excuse it.

Dismissing, however, every local partiality to a place, which the removal of my family must make me now consider only as a stranger and a traveller, I must say, Dunkeld lies so beautifully scattered on the banks of the river, with its fine bridge, lofty mountains, luxuriant and sombre looking woods, as to render it most attractive from its romantic situation and picturesque scenery.

The gloom of Dunkeld seems to be suited to the mild, pious, and pensive character of the Athol Highlanders, who are a people very distinct, both from the more remote Highlanders, and from the natives of the low country. I am told that their character, gentle and courteous, yet mingled with a kind of subdued thoughtfulness, is much formed by their situation, their language, their

poetry, and the beautiful yet solemn scenery of their country, together with their candour and local superstitions, sufficiently, nay strongly discriminate them from their low country neighbours.

Though their valleys abound in all sylvan and pastoral beauty, their mountains are bare, and devoid of pasturage; and their country is walled in by distinct and almost impassable boundaries. Hence they are forced to be more stationary than the interior Highlanders, who range during the summer over a wide extent of mountains, and removing to different habitations, at different seasons of the year, are enabled to indulge more of the wild peculiarities that marked the manners of their ancestors.

The Athol Highlander is more civilized, more pious, and has more of a gentle and interesting melancholy in his character. He is, like other aborigines of the mountains, superstitious; but his superstitions are all akin to devotion, and calculated rather to strengthen his moral

feelings. Visions of terror he sometimes sees, but they all convey some salutary warning, or impress his mind with a sense of immortality. You may long and vainly argue on the separate existence of the immortal spirits to a person, who has no comprehension of abstracted reasoning. A Highlander, however, if he does not comprehend these arguments, does not greatly need them. He knows that his deceased brother still lives, in the world of spirits, where the virtuous enjoy, and the wicked suffer. He has seen him gliding on a moon-beam, or heard his voice in the blast ; if he has not, his father, or his grandfather has, and that to him conveys full conviction. He has a sensible assurance that the departed exist ; and that assurance has a greater power over his heart and imagination, and a greater influence over his life, than folios of argument.

But to return to the scenery of Dunkeld ; it is greatly embellished by the Duke of Athol's magnificent grounds,

which embrace a romantic combination of the sublime and beautiful. Inviting walks are formed on the borders of the Tay, which are overshadowed by high trees ; and on the opposite side of the river, the naked and rocky hills, which almost touch the heavens, give a grandeur to these polished lawns and walks, which really exceed in beauty all description. The hermitage, or what is called Ossian's Hall, is buried in trees, on an elevated situation, whence is seen the river Bran impetuously precipitating itself through the declivities of the rocks, and forming a natural cascade. This fall is not so high as those on the Clyde ; yet when reflected by the various mirrors which are placed in the hall, the effect is almost magical.

The hall of Ossian displays the Celtic bard singing some of his heroic tales to a group of females, who are listening to his strains. This picture, on being drawn aside, presents not a rustic temple, the residence, one would suppose, of the

wood nymphs, who haunt these shades ; but an elegant saloon, more appropriate to the fashionable females of a midnight city ball, than to such a rural place.

His Grace of Athol, from residing much at Dunkeld, has contributed largely to the improvement of this particular district, and has planted above four thousand acres of ground.

The cathedral, except the choir, which serves as the parish church, exhibits a fine ruin amidst the solemn scenery of woods and rocks. This cathedral was founded, and the edifice completed, by Bishop Sinclair. The body of the cathedral is, in its style of architecture, simple and elegant. The pillars are round, and two ranges of arches, one above another, with a row of windows, seven in number, fill the nave of the church, and at the west end a magnificent window appears. The figure of a bishop, with his crozier and dress, still lies in a niche, which has been cut out for it ; and at the gate of the church-yard there are

ornament their bonnets, or to carry about with them in their hands the branches of trees. The people in the neighbourhood stated, as the tradition of the country, that they were distinguished in this situation by the spy, whom Macbeth had stationed to watch their motions. He then began to despair, in consequence of the witches' predictions, who had warned him to beware "*When Birnam Wood should come to Dunsinane.*" And when Malcolm prepared to attack the castle, where it was principally defended by the outer rocks, he immediately deserted, and flying ran up the opposite hill, pursued by Macduff; but finding it impossible to escape, he threw himself from the top of the hill, was killed upon the rocks, and buried at *the Long Man's Grave*, as it is called, which is still extant. Not far from it is the ground, where, according to the belief of the country people, Banquo was murdered. Such were the traditions given in the neighbourhood of ~~Dunsinane~~ Castle, in 1572. The reader will be materially struck with the resemblance between them, and the celebrated play, which Shakespear founded on this history of Macbeth. There is every reason to believe that our great dramatist was on the spot himself, and was inspired with such uncommon poetical powers, from having viewed the places, where the scenes he drew were supposed to have been transacted. In Guthrie's History of Scotland, it is stated, that, "anno 1599, King James desired Elizabeth to send him a company of English comedians; with which request she com-

plied, and James gave them a licence to act in his capital before his court." I have great reason to think that the immortal Shakespear was of the number. We are told, that the play was actually exhibited at Perth, only a few miles from Dunsinane. It is extremely improbable that the occurrences narrated by Shakespear, and the traditions of the country, could have borne so strong a resemblance, unless he had gathered them on the spot himself; the only material difference is, that, according to tradition, Macbeth threw himself from the top of the rock, but it was more poetical as narrated by Shakespear--his falling by the hands of Macduff, whom he had so greatly injured."

LETTER XXXI.



Kenmore, August 23.

ONE great amusement resulting from a tour through Scotland is, that it gives the reflecting mind room to remark on the influence of local scenery, poetry, and music, on the provincial character. In every different part the traveller meets with a mountain, a brook, a castle, or a glen, consecrated in song, and so familiar to the natives, that the most faintly warbled air of the well known strain, brings it home to the heart, and along with it, the pictured semblance of the scene so dear to memory. Even the Bush aboon Traquair, and the Yellow Broom that glows along the Cowdenknows, awake, in a Scottish heart and eye, the throb of tenderness, and the tear of fond remembrance, nurtured from infancy in the

love of song, of simple and pathetic strains, reflecting back the beauties of the wild landscape, familiar to the heart, or spirit-stirring notes, such as the bugle-horn of their ancestors, resounded through the mountains; it is this which has softened and elevated the minds of this distinct and peculiar people, and have contributed more than any other cause to inspire, first, the dear attachment to their native soil, and next that spirit of adventure, that contempt of ease, and indifference to several allurements which have enabled them to conquer difficulties, to endure hardships, such as would appal even the brave to think of.

These are the warm affections which neither luxury nor art has hitherto had power to destroy, and that bring back the hardy native from every distant clime, with secret attraction to the land of his nativity. Tweed Side, and Roslin Castle are to him, all that the notes of his mountain music are to the exiled Swiss, and as powerfully recal the thoughts of

home, with which the early love of music and of poetry is entwined. This is a strong instance of the attachment to harmony in the untutored mind.* Where the heart and the imagination are thus early and powerfully awakened, the grosser appetites and fiercer passions have less room to warp and influence the mind. Piety, patriotism, the meliorating and endearing charities of life, find a more congenial soil in hearts thus prepared to love and cherish whatever is beautiful and sublime, either in natural objects or moral feelings. Still, however, I must own that the best governed passions, the most uniform attention and the least changeable features of exalted goodness, are found in minds expanded by knowledge and polished by education.

This morning I proceeded with my friend to Taymouth. The farther I ad-

* This is strikingly illustrated in the simple and beautiful lines, written by a Highlander on the gravestone of his child, buried in the church-yard at Luss.
—See Vol. I. p. 173.

vance into the Highlands, my admiration of its romantic and sublime scenery increased. We breakfasted at a small inn on the borders of the Tay, at a place called Logierait, in a wild situation, with the hills sweeping on every side of the river. This part of the country has a very cheerful aspect, from the innumerable houses scattered on the brow of the hills, and the silvery river gliding through the strath accompanied us in its fanciful meanderings the whole way to Balaken, the seat of S——, Esq. a beautiful retreat, buried in the Highland mountains, where I breakfasted with a friend, his lady, with whom it was agreeable to meet in this sequestered place, so far removed from home.

It was Sunday, and the road was crowded with the country people going to the kirk; all with such a happy countenance of contentment as bespoke the cheerful piety of their minds. The women were all clean and neat, and the men drest in their tartan suit, bonnet,

and hose, gave a national air to their appearance, characteristic of the native wildness of the mountains whence they came.

The morning was as gay as the aspect of every thing around. The sun-beams danced on the pellucid river ; the mountains were illuminated with the lovely tints of its reflected rays, and lofty dark woods, varied the landscape, and gave a mellow richness to the grandeur of the scene.

It is necessary to make the Lowlands the first part of a tour into Scotland, if they are to be viewed to any advantage. To describe the enthusiastic delight which fills and elevates the mind, as the magnificent scenery of rocks, mountains, woods, and rivers, spread into the finest landscapes, one after another, to meet the eye, is impossible ; and Scotland as far exceeds Wales, as Switzerland, no doubt, exceeds Scotland. I yesterday thought nothing could surpass the romantic wildness and picturesque scenery of

the Duke of Athol's at Dunkeld ; but to-day, as the grandeur of Taymouth unfolded itself, I was undeceived. To behold woods of the most luxuriant growth almost touching the heavens, and springing from huge and perpendicular heights, with the beautiful Tay meandering at their feet, astonishes even the traveller who goes in quest of such scenes. It was the contemplation of them which led to the remarks on Highland scenes and characters, made to your Ladyship at the beginning of this letter.

LETTER XXXII.



Kenmore, August 24.

AT Logierait the rivers Tay and Tummel unite. We were ferried over the latter. Logierait is a very small village, and is said to be a compound of two Gaelic words, "*Logan*, a hollow place, " and *Keite*, the ending of differences ; " it seems to have received its name " from the lowness of the situation, and " from its having been the regal court " of the Duke of Athol." The Gaelic language is so generally spoken here, that on going into one of the cottages, they could not understand English, and sent a little boy off for an interpreter. The cottages are much of the same description as those in the low lands, miserable dwellings. Two women were spinning beside a baby in a wooden cradle, and

daylight was only admitted by a hole in the wall, for it could not be called a window, not having a pane of glass in it; yet these people looked happy, and neither envied nor wished for any of the luxuries of life, and were courteous in their manners. We passed groups of women going into the Lothians, to harvest, having walked from Inverness; this journey before being terminated would exceed four hundred miles; and I was informed that all the provisions which they took with them consisted of some oatmeal, which they carried on their backs, and made it into cakes or brose, when they had an opportunity. The countenances of these women in expression were much alike. Their faces rather long than round, dark complexions and hair, with usually blue eyes—more of a pensive than cheerful look; and few of them handsome. Their dress resembles Welch peasants, except that these wear no hats; a mob cap, open at the ears, a blue petticoat, short bed

gown, a long blue cloak when travelling, and no shoes and stockings. On the road we met at least two or three hundred of these parties.

In the neighbourhood of Logierait, the ruins of some Popish chapels are still to be seen ; and in several places throughout the parish, cairns of stones, supposed to have been sepulchral monuments. On the top of a rock, two miles from the manse of Logierait, are the ruins of a building, intended for a place for giving signals by fire. Half a mile from the village, on a high bank, near the ferry of the Tummel, are the ruins of a castle, said to have been the residence of Robert the Second, after he gave the government into the hands of his brother, the Duke of Albany ; and near the castle is a field, *Cannonbrae*, upon which was a battery. In this part of the Highlands many superstitious practices prevail among the vulgar.*

* " *Lucky and unlucky days are by many observed. The day of the week, on which the fourteenth of*

Proceeding from Balaken to Taymouth, the rich valley of Glenlioni, watered by its pretty meandering river,

May happens to fall, is considered unlucky through the remainder of the year; none marry, or begin any serious business upon it. None choose to marry in January or May, or to have their bands performed in the end of one quarter of the year, and to marry in the beginning of the next. Some things are to be done before the full moon, others after. In fevers the illness is expected to be more severe on Sunday than other days in the week, and if easier on Sunday, a relapse is expected.

“ Recourse is often had to charms for the cure of diseases. In various sorts of diseases, a pilgrimage is performed to a place called *Strathe Fillan*, forty miles from Logierait, where the patient bathes in a certain pool, and performs some other rites in a chapel which stands near it. It is chiefly in cases of madness, however, that the pilgrimage to *Strathe Fillan* is believed to be salutary. The unfortunate person is first bathed in the pool, and then left for the night bound in the chapel; and if found loose in the morning, is expected to recover.

“ The first of May is still called *Belton*, or *Baaltein*, the *Fire of Baal*. In some parts of the country, the shepherds continue to make festivals of milk and eggs on that day. The Caledonians paid a supersti-

opened upon us, with the towering heights of Benlawers, and the double peak of Benmore, rearing their snowy tops amid the distant clouds.

tious respect to the sun, as was the practice among other nations. When a Highlander goes to bathe, or to drink water out of a consecrated fountain, he must always approach by going round the place *east to west on the south side*, in imitation of the apparent diurnal motion of the sun. When the dead are laid in the earth, the grave is approached by going round in the same manner. The bride is conducted to her future spouse in the presence of the minister, and the glass goes round a company in the course of the sun. This is called in Gaelic, going round in the right, or the *lucky way*; the opposite course is the wrong, or *unlucky way*."

STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF LOGIERAIT.

. "Most of the old names of the Highlanders are derived from some personal property; thus *Donald*, signifies brown eye; *Finlay*, white head; *Duncan*, brown head; *Colin*, or *Coulain*, beautiful.

"The old Highlanders were so remarkable for their hospitality, that their doors were always left open, as if it were to invite the hungry travellers to walk in and partake of their meals. But if two cross

Embosomed in this wild solitude, stands the superb castle of Lord Braidalbane, now almost completed. The pleasure grounds are embellished in the first style of elegant taste. Velvet walks are formed on the banks of the rapid Tay, which Pennant justly remarks, from its pellucidness, and yet dark colour, looks like "brown crystal." These walks are some hundred yards in length and extend as far as the junction of the Lion with the Tay, and are shaded by immense lime trees, formed into a natural Gothic arch. This scenery is most happily described by Burns, who wrote the following lines, with several other

sticks were seen at the door, it was a sign the family were at dinner, and did not desire more guests. In this case, the chaise was held in the highest contempt, nor would the most pressing necessity induce the passenger to turn in. Great hospitality is still preserved to strangers, whose character and recommendations claim the most distant pretensions."

PENNANT.

stanzas, over the chimney-piece at the inn at Kenmore :

“ Admiring nature, in her wildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 Th' abode of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
 My savage journey curious I pursue,
 Till fam'd Braidalbane opens to my view.
 The meeting cliff each deep sunk glen divides,
 The woods wild scatter'd clothe their ample sides;
 The outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
 The Tay, meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
 The palace rising on his verdant side,
 The lawn wood, fring'd in nature's native taste,
 The hillock dropt in nature's careless haste,
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,
 The village * glittering in the noon-tide beam,
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods,
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods.”

The old castle of Taymouth was originally called *Ballach* Castle, or *the Castle at the discharge of the Lake*; and was built by Sir Colin Campbell, Sixth Knight of Lochan, who died in the year 1583;

* Kenmore.

and Taymouth, or *Ballach*, in Gaelic, means a *gap* or *mouth*, opening into a valley or glen; hence the derivation of *Taymouth*.

At a short distance from his Lordship's seat, scattered on the greensward, are the few white houses, and picturesque church, which forms the peaceful village of Kenmore; standing on a promontory, boldly jutting into the lake, with an ample bay, and an elegant stone bridge thrown over the Tay, whose gentle waters meet and unite themselves with the lake. A small island, tufted with trees, shades the ruins of what was once a priory; and the mountain scenery is here as magnificent as it is wild and inaccessible. The castle Lord Braidalbane is building will be, when finished, extremely magnificent. The style is of the old Gothic architecture, and the form resembles that of Inverary. There is much taste shewn in the plan of the suite of apartments, and the baronial hall gives a just idea of those used in

former ages. There is a grand colonnade entirely round the castle, terminated by three towers, in which are concealed staircases, that lead to a stone gallery; by which means the castle may be entered at various parts. When the whole is finished, it will be a structure equalled by very few in the Kingdom.

LETTER XXXIII.



Perth, August 25.

THE approach to this ancient town is viewed to more advantage when entering from the south, rather than the Highlands, which render every other scenery insipid. Yet the green clad hills, the broad and ever lovely Tay* must please from all directions.

Perth is considered among the handsomest and largest towns in Scotland,

* It is said in Tacitus, " When Agricola and his
" army first saw the river Tay, and the adjacent
" plains on which Perth is now situated, they cried
" with one consent *Ecce Tiber ! Ecce Campus Mar-*
" *tius !* Behold the Tiber ! Behold the Field of
" Mars ! comparing what they saw to their own ri-
" ver, and to the extensive plain in the neighbour-
" hood of Rome. The Italians many ages after used
" to give the Tay the name of the New Tiber."

and is one of the most ancient ; but the want of uniformity in the buildings destroys the effect of the finest streets. The bridge thrown over the Tay consists of nine arches, and is a remarkably handsome structure. The river is navigable, and carries on it vessels of 120 tons burthen. Perth is situated on a verdant plain divided into two parts, the north and south *Inch* or islands.

It was founded by William the Lion, A. D. 1210, anciently called *Bertha*, afterwards *St. John's Town*, in honor of that saint.

The prospect from the hill of Kinnoul is rich and diversified, and presents a vast extent of country. A variety of rare plants are to be found in it, as well as fine agates and cornelians. But the antiquities which formerly rendered Perth so interesting to travellers, are all destroyed, and have left "*not a wreck behind.*" *Gowrie House*, known so well in history as the place where the conspiracy was formed against the life of

James VI. is now taken down, also the old palace of Scone, where Charles II. was crowned previous to the battle of Worcester. The present Earl of Mansfield is building a new palace. The bed is still preserved and shewn, that Queen Mary worked during her imprisonment at Lochleven. But there are no remains to be seen of the Carthusian monastery where the unfortunate James I. was murdered, and of whom Henry the historian gives so interesting an account.*

* “ James I. of Scotland was one of the most accomplished and amiable princes that ever filled the throne, and was likewise the most unfortunate. After upwards of eighteen years captivity in England, and encountering many difficulties, he was basely murdered by barbarous assassins, in the Carthusian monastery at Perth. In the monument of genius James has been almost equally unfortunate : no vestiges are now remaining of his skill in architecture, gardening, and planting, though we are well assured, that in all these arts he excelled. Many of the productions of his pen have perished, for he tells us himself, that he wrote much; and we know of only three of his poems that are now extant, namely, “ Christ’s Kirk on

Notwithstanding the conspicuous figure, the town of Perth has formerly

“ the Green, Peebles to the Play, and the King
 “ Quair,” which was discovered by Mr. Wharton, and
 “ since published by William Tytler, Esq. of Wood-
 “ houselee, (the present Lord Woodhouselee, a gentle-
 “ man distinguished for talents, erudition and taste.)
 “ James,” according to Henry’s History, “ was not
 “ only the most learned king, but one of the most
 “ learned men of the age in which he flourished ;
 “ and seems to have been born to excel in every art
 “ to which he applied his mind. Independently of
 “ his other accomplishments, James particularly ex-
 “ celled in music, not only as a performer, but as a
 “ composer ; and it is to his admirable genius that
 “ the musical world is so much indebted for the in-
 “ vention (amidst the gloom of solitude and confine-
 “ ment) for that sweet and plaintive Scotch and Ita-
 “ lian melody, which has given pleasure to millions
 “ in every succeeding age.”

Robertson likewise observes, “ that it was the mis-
 “ fortune of James, that his maxims and manners
 “ were too refined for the age in which he lived.
 “ Happy had he reigned in a kingdom more civilized ;
 “ his love of peace, of justice, and of elegance, would
 “ have rendered his schemes successful ; and instead
 “ of perishing because he attempted too much, a
 “ grateful people would have applauded and re-
 “ commended his effort to reform and improve them.”

made in history, as I before observed to your Ladyship, scarce a vestige now remains of those places where so many important transactions occurred. The North and South Inches afford agreeable walks to the inhabitants, particularly the latter, being shaded by a noble avenue of trees. The Inches were given for the public benefit of the town, in exchange for a burial-place in one of the churches, in consequence of which, some time afterwards, the following lively remark occurred:—A gentleman conversing with his friend, observed, that “———
 “had made a very bad exchange in
 “giving these two large fields for a
 “burial-place in the church of Perth;”
 to which the other pertinently replied;
 “That he was of a different opinion, for
 “he had got six feet by two, for two
 “Inches.”

There are a number of manufactories carried on in Perth; that of gloves is considerable. The salmon-fishery also is large, and extremely productive. It is a

old bridge was carried away by a great flood in 1621. The new one was completed by the liberal patronage and contribution of his Lordship in November 1771 ; and the Earl of Errol's coach was the first that passed over it.

Thus singularly was the old lady's prophecy fulfilled some hundred years afterwards.

LETTER XXXIV.

Aberdeen, August 26th.

THE stages from Perth to Aberdeen are, Cowpar of Angus, Forfar, Glammis, Brechin, and Stonehaven; of which places I shall give your Ladyship an account on my return south.

The country all through Strathmore is considered lovely; rural and cheerful it certainly is, and at times somewhat resembles England, from the hedge-rows which divide the corn-fields and meadows, and the partial wood-lands; but the hills are not interesting, and display neither the sublime nor picturesque. I will admit, however, that after the beautiful and magnificent ones I have so recently beheld, my eye is not easily satisfied with inferior objects.

After leaving Glammis, the country

loses even its lively appearance; it is bare and dreary. Advancing to Aberdeen from Stonehaven, the long stretch of black and rugged Grampian hills, with the wide German ocean, which is presented to the traveller, has something so desolate and ungenial in its aspect, as to give no very agreeable impression of this part of the country.—“*An author,*” it is said, “*must speak in the language of truth,*”—and were I to describe a country, which is divested of beauty, in any other form than that in which it appears, I should be condemned for national partiality in embellishing every object which meets my eye.

Let it be remembered, however, that the bleak heaths and barren mountains, which suggest to the southern traveller merely the idea of solitude and sterility, are to the natives monuments enriched with memorials of the departed. The field of battles, that still resound to the song of the bard; the cairn, that grateful remembrance heaped over his heroic

ancestors ; the craig, beneath which some love-lorn maiden composed the funeral song of her fallen warrior ; or the circle of grey stones, where the Druid devoted his victims—all these give solemn life, colouring, and powerful interest to scenes, where a stranger could only trace the extreme of desolation.

After my opinion of the face of the country, it is but simple justice to give the highest praise to the national and public spirit of the gentlemen of Aberdeen, who of late years have so largely contributed to the improvement and beautifying of this now fine city. Every stranger must be struck with the magnificent approach, which is by a handsome bridge thrown over the Den Burn. It is built of Aberdeen granite, of singular beauty, and consists of one superb arch, the span being a hundred and thirty feet. The road from the old bridge of Dee is so wide and covered with noble houses thence through Union Street to

Castle Street, as to comprise one of a mile in length.

Bridewell, upon the left, is built in the castellated style, having one front of five stories high, with two wings. This building, of broached ashler granite, was begun in 1806. Each delinquent has a separate cell for sleeping, besides one for working in; and the establishment is supported by an assessment upon the town and county.

The bridge of Dee, built over the fine river of that name, consists of seven semicircular stone arches. It was originally designed by William Elphinstone, Bishop of Aberdeen, who had prepared materials for it before his death, in 1514. His successor, Bishop Dunbar, carried on the undertaking at his own expence, and completed it in 1526. It is famous for a battle, gained by the Marquis of Montrose over Lord Abqyne, &c. on the eighteenth of June, 1639. This bridge is attended with inconvenience on account of its narrowness for carriages;

a defect which it is intended soon to remedy.

The banks of the Dee are covered with the villas of the opulent citizens of Aberdeen, who, by perseverance, industry, and a taste for improvement, have of late years rendered, what their forefathers believed impracticable, sterile and barren wastes, corn-fields; and their lands that surround their villas, pretty plantations of ever-greens, with productive gardens.

The *Texali* were the ancient inhabitants of the sea coasts of Aberdeenshire, and had a town called *Devana*, at the mouth of the river Deva, where old Aberdeen now stands.*

* This city, according to the most ancient tradition, was converted into a royal borough in the ninth century by King Gregory the Great, and privileged with many donations by him. It was in great favor by King William, surnamed the Lion for his fortitude and valour. He built a palace in Aberdeen, where he held his court, which he afterwards dedicated to a new order of Friars, called the Trinity Friars, and

July the twenty-fifth, 1411, Robert Davidson, Provost of the city, was slain

on its site was erected the Trades Hospital by Doctor William Guild.

It is likewise recorded, that three King Alexanders had palaces in this city; and King Robert Bruce, after many unsuccessful attempts to recover his kingdom out of the hands of Edward the First of England, retired to Aberdeen as a place of safety. Edward the Fourth sacked this city, cut off men, women, and children, sparing none but those who took flight; and when the town was afterwards rebuilt, it henceforth took the name of *New Aberdeen*.

James the Fifth was often in Aberdeen, also James the Sixth, who confirmed in Parliament all the ancient privileges and liberties given to this *ancient city*, and conferred the honor of knighthood on Sir Thomas Menzies Cults. This gentleman having afterwards procured the famous pearl which was found in the Burn of Kellie, went to London in the year 1620; this pearl was so large and beautiful, that it is reported to be one of the jewels in the crown of England. Aberdeen was the first city King Charles the Second arrived at on his Restoration. He was received with every demonstration of joy by the magistrates, and the silver keys of the city were presented to him by the provost Alexander Jaffray, who went over to the Hague to bring the King to receive his crown, and made a very eloquent harangue in February 1651.

at the battle of Harlaw, about twenty miles from the town, having gone with many of the citizens in support of the Earl of Marr against Donald of the Isles. His body was brought to Aberdeen, and entombed in the north wall of St. Nicholas church, near to the great arch of the steeple, with this inscription on the wall:

“ SIR ROBERT DAVIDSON, slain at Harlaw.”

When the ruins of the church were cleared away, in 1750, the remains of the body were found, with a small crimson cap upon the head.

The standard, which the citizens carried to that action, is still preserved in the armory in the town-house.

On the thirteenth of September, 1644, was fought the famous battle with Montrose.*

* To the kindness of ——— Kennedy, Esq. I am indebted for the following particulars of this desperate battle, copied verbatim from the records of the town-

I was informed, that during the rebellion in 1745 and 6, there were many busy scenes in this city ; while the magistrates, and the greater part of the citizens con-

council, which is valuable, so far as it corrects the erroneous statements of several historians.

“ A. D. 1644, 24th September.—It is to be remembered, but never without regret, the great and heavy prejudice and loss which this burgh did sustain by the cruel and bloody fight and conflight, which was fought twixt the Crabstone and the Justice Mills, upon the thirteenth of September instant, twixt eleven before noon, and one afternoon, occasioned by the approaching of James, Marquis of Montrose, with three regiments of Irish, and ——— of Atholmen, Strathern men, and some others their adherents. The said James, Marquis of Montrose, having required the town to be delivered up to him, and having sent a commissioner with a drum for that effect ; the magistrates and council, having consulted and advised with Robert Burleigh, James Viscount of Frendraught, Andrew Lord Frasier, diverse barons of this shire, and with the commander of the Fife regiment which was then in arms, with the inhabitants of this town ; and with the foresaid noblemen and diverse, ready to oppose and resist the enemy in coming, did refuse to render the town, and dismissed the commander and drum with answer to

tinued loyal. The Duke of Cumberland came here with his army, the 27th of February 1746, and continued till the 8th of March, and was so pleased with the good conduct of the citizens, and

the said demand; but as they were passing by the Fife regiment, the drummer was unhappily killed by some one or other of the horsemen of our parties, as was thought. Whereupon the fight presently began; and after two hours hot service, or thereby, the said Fife regiment, with our buill townsmen and others of the shire, being there for the present overpowered by the number of the enemies, were forced to take the retreat, whereby many of the Fife regiment were killed; and of our townsmen were slain that day, Mr. Matthew Larneden, Baillie; Thomas Bush, Master of Thickwah; Robert Leslie, Master of Hospital; Mr. Alexander, and Robert Reids, Advocates; Andrew and Thomas Burnetts, Merchants, with many more to the number near of eight score; for the enemy entering the town, immediately did kill all old and young whom they found on streets, among whom were two of our town officers, called Gilbert Buch, and Patrick Kerr. They broke up the prison-house door, set all warders and prisoners at liberty, entered in very many houses, and plundered them, killing such men as they found within."

their strong attachment to government, that he gave a ball and supper to the ladies in the college hall, on Monday the 3d of March. The ladies were introduced by his Royal Highness, each of whom he saluted ; and he danced a minuet with Lady Diana Middleton, and a country dance with Miss Middleton, a burgess's daughter, and a Scotch reel with two young ladies. After the dancing the company retired to the library, where they partook of a cold collation. The Duke, with only one or two officers, sat at the table with the ladies ; and his officers and the towns gentlemen stood behind them, and shared of the repast.

On his Royal Highness's leaving the city, he appointed provost John Robertson, and ten other gentlemen, governors of Aberdeen, till the affairs of the country should be more settled.

LETTER XXXV.



Aberdeen, August 29.

THIS morning was devoted to visiting the Marischal College in Aberdeen, through which Professor H—— conducted me, and the very great pains and trouble the Doctor bestowed in shewing me every thing worthy of observation, has enabled me to give the following account of what the college contains to engage the attention of strangers.

It must be admitted, that the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are possessed of a grandeur in their exterior, which is very striking on entering into those eminent Universities, and some of them are as superb within. The fine chapels, public halls, and libraries they contain, are in vain looked for in those of Scotland; yet when it is remembered that

the Universities of Scotland have introduced to mankind men of the most profound learning, the most elegant scholars, philosophers, and poets, even these inferior edifices must be viewed with some degree of veneration.

The hall is spacious, being 72 feet in length by 22. It is hung with some good portraits, consisting of

Mary Queen of Scots.

James the Sixth.

Charles the First and Second.

Queen Anne.

Earl Marischal, the Founder.

The late Earl Marischal.

His Brother Marischal Keith.

Late Earl of Bute.

Bishop Burnet.

Dr. Ramsay.

Dr. Arthur Johnstone, by Jamieson.

Marshal Schomberg.

Bishop Forbes.

Principal Paterson.

Principal More.

Dr. Gregory, Inventor of the reflecting telescope.

Andrew Carre, a celebrated preacher among the Covenanters.

The Earl of Buchan.

Des Cartes, the French philosopher.

Buchanan the historian.

With several other portraits unknown.

Among the manuscripts which the Doctor shewed me, was a Latin translation of Aristotle's Politics, by Leonardo Ar-
etino, supposed to be written in the tenth century, in elegant Roman character. Also a catholic missal which formerly belonged to the cathedral of Salisbury, elegantly illuminated. A fine Hebrew bible. The wonders of nature displayed, in the Persian language, with singular embellishments. An Alcoran in the original Arabic. Dr. Birch's heads of illustrious characters, together with several very ancient MSS. The arms of William Lion of Scotland are over the chimney-piece in the library :

there is shewn a canoe, in which an Indian was supposed to have been taken alive about a century ago; it is said, that coming from the coast of Labradore, he lost his way at sea. He died soon after his arrival at Aberdeen, and no account could be obtained from himself. The canoe is so little calculated for a voyage, that it is credibly believed by some of the professors, that the canoe was rather brought over from Greenland by some of the captains belonging to the whale fisheries.

There is also in the library a copy of magna charta, taken from the original in the British Museum. A bust of Esculapius given by my uncle, Sir William Fordyce, M. D.; also some medical books he bequeathed to this college, with a donation of a thousand pounds. There is likewise a bust of Sir William.

Tassie's casts of gems are beautiful. There are several Egyptian antiquities, two written in hieroglyphics; and another inscription is a fragment from the

Greek. There is a fine pillar of Egyptian granite.

In the observatory is an equatorial instrument presented to the Marischal College by the late Earl of Bute, originally made by Bird, and repaired and finished by Ramsden. There is also a transit instrument and an astronomical quadrant, besides various other philosophical apparatus.

This college was founded by George Earl Marischal in 1593. The Earl was a great favourer of the reformed religion, and endowed the college with considerable property in lands, in the vicinity of Aberdeen, for its future support. This was in opposition to the King's College, Old Aberdeen, which favoured the Catholics. The original foundation was a principal and two professors of philosophy; but by some munificent donations, there has since been added another chair of philosophy; one of divinity, and others for mathematics, chemistry, medi-

cine and oriental languages, with several bursaries for poor students.

The session lasts five months and commences in November. The students wear scarlet gowns.

Dr. Reid, secretary and tutor of the Latin to King Charles I. left a salary to the keeper of the Marischal College.

Bishop Burnett was educated in this college. I hope it will not be considered ostentation in me to add what I have just read in a history of Aberdeen, of my uncle David Fordyce, professor of moral philosophy in this college.*

St. Nicholas's church consists of the choir to the east, and the church on the west, being divided by a square tower,

* "When we speak of those who have done honor to this college, it would be unpardonable to omit the late amiable Mr. David Fordyce, whose excellent moral writings have famed his character as a philosopher; and whose unaffected piety, friendly disposition, and courteous demeanour, made him so justly dear to all his acquaintance."

and a lofty spire. On the side is the Drums-aisle, now converted into a chapel, where the presbytery and synod of Aberdeen hold their occasional meetings. On the north side of the choir is the kirk session house; and under the east end of the choir is St. Mary's chapel, which, in times of popery, had been a place of worship, but is now converted to secular purposes.

This church, which had been dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron of the burgh, was of great antiquity. It fell to ruins in 1741, and was rebuilt in 1751, agreeable to a plan of Mr. Gibbs, architect.

At the east end of the church, the magistrates have an elegant gallery. In the time of episcopacy this was a collegiate, and at the Reformation the ornaments and plate belonging to it were sold by the magistrates and the money appropriated for improving the harbour and pier.

The present establishment is four ministers :—

Principal Brown.*

Rev. Dr. Gordon.

Rev. Dr. Sherriffs.

Rev. Dr. Ross.

The tapestry which decorates the back of the gallery of the west church, was worked by Mrs. Gregory, the sister of Jamieson, the celebrated Scotch painter. One piece is a representation of Ahasuerus holding out the golden sceptre to Queen Esther; the other represents Jephtha meeting his daughter. In the house of Mr. C — I was shewn an original portrait of Jamieson and his sister, done by himself: in this portrait he wears his hat according to the *costume* of his master Rubens.

* Principal Brown is the author of an Essay on Sensibility, an Essay on the Folly of Superstition, and an Essay on the Natural Equality of Men. To the two former works the gold medal of the Teylerian Society of Haarlem was adjudged.

LETTER XXXVI.

Aberdeen, August 30th.

THE castle hill, with a broad terrace spreading along the top of it, commands an extensive prospect ; and the German ocean, the harbour, the pier, the quay, shipping, and city, are viewed to much advantage. On this hill are the noble barracks, which were erected in 1794 on the site where St. Ninian's chapel formerly stood. They consist of three sides of a square, and front the south ; the walls are of very fine granite, and the parade is inclosed by a handsome iron rail. The barracks are capable of containing five hundred men.

The theatre, which, although small, is elegant, is situated in Marischal Street. The market cross, as it is called, on the west end of Castle Street, at the bot-

tom of the *plain* stones (a pavement where gentlemen walk) is an hexagonal building, of curious workmanship and antiquity. In the centre is a column with a Corinthian capital, surmounted with an unicorn, beautifully executed. The body of the fabric rests upon arches, under which are six small cells; and the whole is encircled at the top with busts of the seven Kings James, and Queen Mary of Scotland; and Charles the First and Second, are cut in stone in the compartments. The arms of Scotland are on the east side, and that of the city on the west. This building was erected in 1686, at the expence of £.100, and executed by John Montgomery, a mason.

The Tolbooth, in which the prisoners are confined, was built in 1394. The noble steeple is 120 feet high.

There are several public buildings of importance in Aberdeen. The town hall is a very noble room, and likewise the trades hall; in each of these are many good portraits.

The most conspicuous of the public charities is, Gordon's Hospital. It is a handsome building, situated in an extensive garden. It was founded by a merchant of Aberdeen, from whom it derives its name. It is instituted for the maintenance and support of boys, the sons of tradesmen and burgesses of the town. There are seventy, all maintained, clothed, and educated from the fund Mr. Gordon appropriated to this purpose. He also appointed four ministers of Aberdeen, perpetual patrons, and governors of the hospital. It is pleasing to observe the order and comfort, with which this establishment is conducted.

The other public charities are, the infirmary, poors hospital, and dispensary.

The principal manufactories are, thread, woollen, and stockings, which are carried on to a considerable extent. But the one which does the most honor to their spirit of industry, is the large manufactory on the banks of the river Don, conducted and established

by the present provost, — Hadden, Esq. of Aberdeen. The immense extent of this manufactory is only exceeded by Mr. Owen's, at Lanark; and these mills for thread yarn deserve the highest commendation, for the admirable plan on which they are conducted. They evince that even in this northern corner the gentlemen are ready to encourage and advance the improvement of every thing tending to general utility, by giving it the most liberal support.

Against the general rule (being acquainted with the family), I was admitted to see this important concern, and to behold five hundred hands employed in their different departments, was very pleasing; for no laborious work is necessary, but only attention, the whole machinery being conducted by water.

The scenery, to those who have never seen Lanark, would be considered romantic; and it certainly puts in some little claim to that character. The partial woods slope to the banks of the river.

Don ; and the pretty peep of Aberdeen, with the venerable spires of the old Town cathedral, are doubtless pleasing objects. Great variety of red, white, and grey granite abounds in Aberdeen. The houses are all built of it, and have a very majestic appearance of strength and permanency. Two stately pillars, of grey granite, support the gate of the entrance into the west church ; and a gentleman, in Union Street, has five columns of it in front of his house. There are immense granite quarries at Rubslaw, Loanhead, and Pitmuxton. The streets of London, I am told, are chiefly paved with it. A mineral water, called the *Spaw*, on the west side of the infirmary, is considered beneficial for the gout and gravel ; of its specific virtues, Dr. William Barclay, a learned physician, has written.

The harbour, like all those on the east side of Scotland, is a tide harbour only ; but the ingenious Mr. Telford, engineer, proposes to divide the bason

into two, direct the course of the river a little to the south, near the point at the ferry, and admit vessels into the dock by means of a lock ; and intends having docks on the eastern extremity of the island. He also means to extend the pier at the mouth, fifty yards eastward, so as to obtain a greater depth of water in the bar.

The principal exports from Aberdeen are, stones, wood, salmon, pork, stockings, threads, sail-cloth, and printed calicoes. The imports are coal, lime, wood, and iron, from the Baltic. The coasting trade is also very considerable.

LETTER XXXVII.

Arthur's Seat, September 1.

I AM removed from Aberdeen for a few days to this pretty villa on the banks of the Dee ; it belongs to my relation Dr. D. Fordyce. It was here that Principal Blackwell wrote his Court of Augustus, a work which procured him some fame.

It was not without a sentiment of veneration I yesterday passed the houses of two such men as the late Drs. Beattie and Campbell ; and it is not without a sentiment of pleasing recollection I recal the honor I had at a very early period of life, of being entertained in the houses of characters so distinguished, although then unable to estimate the value of their society. I just remember the lively humour

which animated the conversation of Dr. Beattie at his own table, and which was softened by the most courteous manners and address. Notwithstanding his having before that period been visited by the heaviest of calamities, in the death of his eldest son; Dr. Beattie was a Christian in every sense of the word, as well as a philosopher. When I saw him he had the full powers of that discourse which enlightened all those who had the opportunity of listening to him.

Talking the other day with a gentleman about the Doctor, and wishing to hear and offer something new of the character of this great and good man, he replied, "Dr. Beattie is best seen in his works; they testify what his talents and his character were." To this gentleman I am indebted for the following sonnet transmitted to Dr. Beattie in 1797 by Dr. Warner, the friend of Mr. Hayley, the author. It was taken from Dr. Warner's copy, and was never before published.

SONNET

TO DOCTOR BEATTIE,

In grateful acknowledgment of his very interesting present, the Compositions, Life, and Character of his Son,

Bard of the North ! I thank thee with my tears,
For this fond work of thy paternal hand :
It bids the buried youth before me stand
In Nature's softest light, which love endears.

Parents like thee, whose worth the world reveres,
Faithful to pure affection's high command,
For children lost, have lasting honors planned;
To give in fame what fate denied in years.

The filial form of Icarus was wrought
By his afflicted sire, the sire of art,
And Tullia's fane engross'd her father's heart ;
That fane rose only in perturbed thought.

But sweet perfection crowns as truth begun
This Christian image of thy happier son.

W. H.

His son Montague Beattie was at that period, an elegant boy, possessed of a countenance full of sense and anima-

tion. A lady in the company remarked how much in person he resembled his father : " I wish," he replied, " I could think like him."

The death of this interesting and promising youth was the termination of the social existence of his afflicted father, whose days might then be said to terminate in the most mournful way long before he ceased to live ; for ever after he was dead not merely to himself, but those finer faculties which had enlightened his mind were fled ; and if fearful recollection was for a moment awakened, it was only to mourn over his former self. How painful is it to reflect that such had become the melancholy situation of this excellent man, who could not be viewed but with pity and veneration. The Rev. Dr. Campbell was principal of the Marischal college ; the ingenious author of an Essay on Miracles, several detached Sermons, and the Philosophy of Rhetoric, a performance which must for ever rank him high as a philo-

sopher, a grammarian and a critic. He also published a translation of the four Gospels, which constitute indeed a treasure to the rational divine. Such was his zeal in qualifying himself in this important work, that after he was fifty years of age, he is said to have undergone the drudgery of learning the German language for the sake of comparing Martin Luther's translation of the Bible with those in other languages. He published his *Essay on Miracles* in opposition to the dangerous sophistry of Hume; and such is the merit of this book, that the sceptical philosopher has been heard to declare, that Dr. Campbell was the only antagonist ever able to lead him to frame a wish of violating his fixed rule of never answering an opponent.

Dr. Campbell (whom I well remember) was below the middle size, and in the latter part of his life much bent by age. In his eye there were a fire, vivacity, and penetration, which marked the acuteness of his mind. From his public situation

and character, he had only to ascend the pulpit to instruct and delight. No minister of the Gospel ever appeared in the church of Scotland who was more universally esteemed for his piety, eloquence and learning.

It has been so much the fashion of late years for the surviving branches of different families to bring into notice those characters who have had a public walk in life, and not only to become their biographers, but to bring forward their private correspondences, that surely I may be permitted, without ostentatious vanity, to say a little of the characters of men whose virtues and talents have acquired distinction, and were natives of this city.

An author speaking of my grandfather, says, "Provost Fordyce was held in such high esteem with his fellow-citizens, that they elected him six times their chief magistrate. He left a numerous issue, and few families have done more honor to the place of their nativity."

Of that issue were seven sons and two daughters.

David, who was lost on the coast of Holland (as before mentioned) was professor of moral philosophy in the Marischal College. He wrote Dialogues on Education, an Essay on the art of Preaching, and, The Elements of Moral Philosophy.

The Rev. Dr. James Fordyce, whose memory is highly estimated in the moral and literary world, was for a series of years the minister of the Gospel in Monkwell-street, where, for the piety of his manner, the soundness of his doctrine, and the eloquence of his delivery, he obtained a popularity most uncommon. At a very early period of life, when he preached before the General Assembly at Edinburgh, from the text, *I beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding,* amid the concourse of people who followed him, were many youths instigated by idle curiosity. A Scotch minister,

one of the congregation, told me, that
“such was the attention the Doctor ex-
“cited by the force of his delivery, the
“awful and important truths he ad-
“vanced, his auditors were drowned in
“tears, and his discourse; for the elo-
“quence and elegance of its style, could
“only be compared to some of the ora-
“tions of Cicero or Demosthenes.”

But it was not alone in his official capacity that the Rev. Dr. Fordyce was so eminently distinguished. In his private life, he truly might be said to be the pious pastor of the flock he tended. The young were amended and instructed by the wisdom of his counsels, which they assiduously sought. In a variety of instances he soothed the distresses of the afflicted, and by his admonitions reformed the lives and conduct of those who had been led into vice. It was not by austerity he produced this effect; for although severe in the cause of virtue, his manners were full of urba-

nity, and tinctured with that universal benevolence which dwelt in his heart.

Esteemed by all classes of society, by the first members of the church, and of the state ; bishops, nobles, philosophers, private gentlemen in every rank, solicited his company. Even when the decline of years and bad health rendered his body infirm, his mind to the last, retained its native vigour.

————— “Tho’ old, he still retain’d
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe :
He still remember’d that he once was young ;
His easy presence check’d no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admired.

————— Much had he read,
Much more had seen. He studied from the life,
And in the original perus’d mankind.
Of right and wrong he taught,
Truths as refin’d as ever Athens heard ;
And (strange to tell) he practis’d what he
preach’d.” ARMSTRONG.

I shall be pardoned, I hope, for inserting here the following brief outline of the

Rev. Dr. Fordyce's Discourses to "Young Women." It is sketched by a person whose general knowledge of the world and of literature, and whose total exemption from every kind of bias or prejudice, give value to opinions dictated only by a disinterested desire to diffuse useful truths on the important subject of moral education.

"The "Sermons to Young Women" were the precursors, perhaps I might almost say, literary parents of those numerous volumes on female education, which have amused and enlightened the latter part of the 18th and beginning of the 19th century, and which have unquestionably disseminated juster notions of morality among the great mass of the people, than were ever before entertained. Those who have read the Letters of Mrs. Macaulay, (who laboured to extirpate the pernicious unchristian notion of a sexual virtue,) the Lectures of Burton, &c. on female education, will turn to Fordyce's Discourses with renewed satisfaction. The great popularity, however, of these Christian advices to youth, renders a very minute account of their contents unnecessary, as judicious parents have long been in the habit of reading them occasionally to their children.

"The first sermon is "on the Importance of the

Female Sex, especially the younger part ;" in which that useful truth is inculcated, of all *men's* characters depending on early education, and the instruction communicated to them exclusively, by *women*, during the periods of their infancy and adolescence. If ever society be improved, it must be effected by improving those whom nature has appointed first to "teach the young ideas how to shoot," and "to fix the generous purpose in the glowing breast." Some of the moral aphorisms cannot be too often repeated. "He that abuses you, dishonors his mother, He that depreciates your sex is as unkind to society as he is unjust to you," The exalted pleasure of parents in watching the virtuous progress of intelligent and amiable daughters, is sketched with the pencil of truth in the colours of nature. The second Sermon is "on Modesty, of Apparel;" it abounds in those prudential maxims which have been repeated, often, without acknowledgment, by every subsequent writer. "Men are never highly delighted where something is not left them to fancy, Splendor without gentility, in every article where ornament is concerned, will ever seem poor and insipid to all but untaught and vulgar spirits; whereas, on the contrary, it is certain that the latter may very well subsist without the former; nor is its effect even felt more strongly, or more happily, than when it receives no assistance from the other, but results solely from our perceptions of elegant simplicity.—Is not a constant pursuit of trivial ornament, an indubitable proof of a tri-

vial mind? Will she that is always looking into her glass, be much disposed to look into her character? — Who that has an eye for such subjects, can avoid being struck with the chaste, sober, and unaffected graces of Raphael's females? — By carefully distinguishing between what is glaring and what is genteel, French gew-gaws would give place to British manufactures. The ladies of this island, inferior to none in beauty, would be the apes of none in dress."

The third Sermon "on Female Reserve," is not less fertile in useful truths, in acute observation and felicity of illustration. The delineation of fashionable dissipation and its effects on infantile innocence, has been often repeated, but certainly never surpassed. Even the quotations from Milton are so happy as to excite general delight and imitation; the exposure of impudence, the physiognomical traits of female virtue and vice, modest deportment, nice decorum, and virgin delicacy, are naturally and emphatically exhibited. The fourth Sermon "on Female Virtue," continues the originality and interest of the observations; the necessity of avoiding dangerous connections, the artifices of male and also female corrupters, the pleasures of rectitude and miseries of aberration, the disadvantages of rakes, and the great superiority of rational and virtuous minds, are forcibly and sometimes almost authoritatively inculcated. "Female virtue, friendship, and conversation," are the subjects of the fifth Discourse, which admirably exposes the unchristian and unnatural system of nun-

neries, discusses the delicate question of female friendships, suggests many useful hints for the improvement of this sweetener of human life, recommends habitual cheerfulness and compassion, which is so characteristic of woman. "The sigh of *compassion* stealing from a female breast, on the mention of calamity, would be rather more musical in men's ears than the loud bursts of unmeaning laughter, with which they are often entertained." The very judicious observations on wit, satire, and loquacity, deserve the serious attention of all persons. The sixth Sermon considers "Female Virtue with Domestic and Elegant Accomplishments," in which economy, gracefulness, sobriety, and attention, are ably enforced, and a superficial knowledge of music, card-playing and gambling condemned, for reasons which it will be easier to avoid than controvert.

The subjects of "Female Virtue with intellectual Accomplishments," occupy the seventh and eighth Discourses. Here the nature and powers of female genius, the witchery of corporeal beauty, the superiority of intellectual attainments, language, literature, folly of smattering bad French, turpitude of flattery to young girls, necessity of knowledge to prevent idleness and dissipation, female partiality to fops, portraiture of a decayed beauty, &c. all are discussed with so much perspicuity, and comprehensiveness, that it is impossible to read without deriving some positive advantage from the perusal of such lessons of wisdom.—"From the commerce of minds

the chief-satisfaction is derived. Diversion long continued is drudgery. If in the intervals of leisure you can with relish repair to books, you need never be at a loss. You may happily avoid, if you will, the *toils* of restless amusement and the *sighs* of immoderate mirth — In truth, most of the grievances complained of by mortals are self-created. They proceed from that fondness of fancy which gives importance to trifles, or from those gusts of passion which produce agitation without cause." The ninth and tenth Sermons are devoted to the important topic of "Female Piety;" in which it will be admitted that the genuine spirit of the enlightened Christian, the persuasiveness of earnest eloquence, and that divinity of mind with which it hath pleased the Creator to animate his best works, are eminently conspicuous. The impressive warning against libertines, the propriety of cherishing a feeling of indignation at base betrayers of innocence, the fashionable study to prey on each other, the dependence of females and their support in religion, and the origin and progress of virtuous love, are traced by one profoundly versed in a knowledge of human nature, and the emotions of the heart. "The veriest infidel," it is truly observed, "would be sorry to find his sister, daughter, or wife under no restraint from religious principle." The eleventh Sermon is "on Female Devotion and Good Works;" and the twelfth, "on Female Modesty." These last, unlike the productions of many posterior writers on female education, are not repetitions of the ideas

previously taught, but consist of original remarks and new applications to the character and circumstances of the sex. Good nature, candour and ingenuousness are here particularly recommended; but every page abounds in so many ideas and useful hints, that it is impossible to convey any just notion of these elegant discourses, in such a bird's-eye view of them.

“The style of these discourses is truly didactic; it is accurate, concise, clear, animated and nervous; it is uniformly elevated; but it is the loftiness of that mixture of divine and moral truth, which is so worthy the subject, and so becoming the authority of the preacher, whose knowledge, high Christian virtue and wisdom, are discernible in every sentence. The metaphysical mind of the author, deeply imbued with the justest principles of Christian piety, perfectly conscious of the importance of the truths which he inculcated, and benevolently anxious for the diffusion of such practical wisdom, he despised the frivolity of sentimental whining or artificial appeals to the passions, and his language partook of the rigorous tone of the moral philosopher blended with the urbanity of the gentleman. There is, perhaps, no work published since these discourses, of equal extent, on similar subjects, which contains fewer errors, hazardous or doubtful opinions. The “Sermons to Young Men” are equally interesting to parents and persons engaged in education. Whoever wishes to implant an inflexible love of virtue in his mind— whoever wishes to have the happiest views of his spe-

cies, or ingenuously seeks the enjoyment of temporal, and the fairest prospects of eternal felicity, will early familiarize his mind with the exalted morality, the chaste sentiment, and sound doctrine which breathe throughout these Sermons. They are all equally interesting to both sexes; they all inculcate the purest virtue, contain the most practical precepts, and directly tend to the melioration of the species, the happiness and the ornament of social existence. They also possess the inestimable advantage of being wholly exempt from those gloomy shades or extremes, which are generally perceptible in the effusions of those whose minds are occasionally oppressed with the recollection of juvenile indiscretions. It is of the first importance to youth, and particularly females, that the minds of their instructors should always have been as innocent and pure as the principles which they profess to teach. Vice is only to be known by theory, virtue by practice; and hence the great superiority of Fordyce's Discourses, and their utility in every well-educated family."

Such was the wide spread influence of Dr. Fordyce's sentiments in the advancement of piety and virtue, both in this nation and all the others in Europe, that he had the great happiness in his own lifetime to see his exalted works in *seven living languages*; a felicity for an

author who actually lived for no other purpose but to improve mankind.

In his 76th year he closed his pious career, and was instantaneously translated, without pain, from this world to that other, for which his life, that has been most happily described, as a picture of "*the beauty of holiness*," was unceasingly devoted.

Dr. John Fordyce practised as physician in London.

Sir William Fordyce was likewise a physician. Joined to a benevolence of heart which was ever alive to the calls of friendship, he possessed a generosity of disposition which was unbounded. His manners were courteous and elegant. He had a fine taste, and his house was always open to men of that class, as well as to men of learning. Mr. Robert Fordyce's days were spent in domestic and private life in the bosom of his family: what that private life was, is so happily expressed in the following memorial of

him, written on his tomb in the churchyard of Aberdeen, that will best describe him, and bespeak the affection of his brother, the Rev. Doctor, as well as the elegance of his mind : but no family were more happily united in the bonds of friendship and affection, which, were so strong as to be tinged with an enthusiasm most rare in those days of polite friendship and cold indifference.

The inscription is as follows :

ROBERT FORDYCE

was one who,
even in these days
of prevailing degeneracy
and polite dissimulation,
had the fortitude to approve himself
an Israelite in whom there was no guile.

With a warm heart
He possessed a good understanding.
To sufficient sensibility of temper
He joined an entire command of it.

His integrity
no temptation could corrupt.

His composure
no calamity could conquer.
While other men talked of philosophy,
He was satisfied to practice it.
Cheerful, but temperate ; active, yet calm ;
Candid to others, to himself severe.
In every relation conscientious.
Of so much excellence
the foundation was laid in piety ;
a piety stedfast because profound ;
strict and amiable at the same time.
Having fixed his eye upon another world,
he passed through this with innocence ;
and although young,
prosperous, and happy in his family,
left it with resignation.
In his life
he was blessed by the poor,
beloved by his friends, and honored by all.
In his death,
by all lamented ;
by none more than by him who writes these lines—
who writes them,
not as a trial of skill,
But as the language of truth ;—
not to excite the applause of his readers,
But to soothe the sadness of his soul.

Mr. Alexander Fordyce was the youngest and seventh son.*

I hope, madam, in the foregoing sketch I shall not be considered as the gross panegyrist of my relations; but where men have performed so conspicuous a part, and proved such useful and valuable members of society, not to class them with those eminent characters spoken of in this work, would be to display an affectation of disinterestedness, or total want of feeling, as well as respect to their memory in visiting the place of their nativity.

* Dr. George Fordyce, son of the elder brother, was much distinguished as a teacher of the practice of physic, and for a general knowledge of science.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Aberdeen, September 4th.

YESTERDAY was spent at Professor Gerard's, and the day devoted to viewing King's College, the old cathedral, and whatever was worthy of observation in the old Town.

This ancient city, about the beginning of the twelfth century, was a village of four ploughs.* Where the remains of the cathedral now stand, it had a small church, called *Kirk of Kirktown*. In the year 1154, King David I. of Scotland removed the bishop's see from Mortlach, to this village, which, at that time, had acquired the name of Old Aberdeen. He also fenced and erected it into an episcopal seat, a city and burgh of barony,

* That is, possessing as much land as four ploughs could cultivate.

- holding of Bishop Nectanus and his successors. In the year 1408, all its ancient privileges were ratified and confirmed by James the IV. who, by his charter of that date, “ created, made, and feued
“ *the Vill of Aberdeen*, with its bounds
“ and pertinents, into a city and univer-
“ sity, and into a meer free burgh of
“ barony for ever,” and bestowed upon
it “ all the rights and liberties and pri-
“ vileges, belonging to any city and
“ university within his kingdom.” This charter was ratified in parliament in the year 1661. The bishops, being the superiors of the city, had the nomination of its provosts, baillies, and other office-bearers. On the abolition of episcopacy in Scotland, this right fell of course to the king, who, during the last century, twice appointed magistrates for this ancient city, conferring upon them the most ample jurisdiction within their burgh, and empowering them to elect their successors annually, until he should be pleased to send a new nomination.

Part of the cathedral remains, which is now used as a parish church. It was originally a fine Gothic edifice, though, in many respects, inferior to several other cathedrals in Scotland. The foundation of a cathedral in Old Aberdeen was laid by Matthew Kininmonth, who was elected Bishop of Aberdeen in the year 1163; but whether, or when it was completed, is not now known. It had probably been but a mean building, for Alexander Kininmonth, who became Bishop of Aberdeen, in the year 1357, caused the old church to be demolished, esteeming it not beautiful enough for a cathedral, and laid the foundation of another more magnificent; but died in the year 1370, before the work was raised six cubits high. His successors carried on the work, till it was completed by Bishop Gavin Dunbar, who succeeded to the see in the year 1518. This noble structure, which was about two hundred years in building, did not remain twenty years entire. In the year 1560, it began

to suffer by the destructive rage of the Scots Reformers. Following the truly savage maxim of their leader John Knox, which was to "*ding down the nests, and the rooks would flee away,*" the Barons of the Mearns, who had joined the Reformation, accompanied by some of the townsmen of New Aberdeen, after having begun their work of sacrilegious desolation on some of the ancient monasteries of that city, proceeded to Old Aberdeen, and glutted their vengeance on its venerable cathedral. Impelled by the fury of fanaticism, they spoiled it of its costly ornaments and jewels, and demolished the chancel, which had a beautiful choir, well furnished with seats and stalls for the accommodation of the clergy at mass, and in which stood the high altar adorned with handsome windows finely glazed. Nor would they probably have stopped in their relentless career of desolation, until they had reduced the whole of this stately fabric to a heap of ruins, if they had not received a check from the Earl.

of Huntly, by whose meritorious exertions the body of the church, already unroofed and stripped of its lead, was preserved from utter destruction. The lead of the church, its bells (fourteen in number, and three of them very large), and other utensils, were shipped by these sacrilegious robbers, for the purpose of being sold in Holland; but their avaricious views were disappointed, for the vessel, with the whole of their booty, sunk near the Girdleness, within a mile of the harbour of Aberdeen, from which she sailed.

The body of the church, which owed its preservation to Huntly, and was repaired and covered with slates at the expence of the parishioners, continued to serve as a cathedral during the different periods of protestant episcopacy in Scotland, and is still used as a parish church. It may not be unworthy of remark, that the high tower in the middle of the fabric, which served as a sea-mark in those days, and which had been

happily saved from the destructive rage of the fanatics, fell to the ground in the year 1688, just before the mitre was, for the last time, torn from the bishop's brow, and the humbler presbyterian cloak established in its stead by the Revolution. The fall of this stately tower, if tradition may be credited, was occasioned by the magistrates of New Aberdeen having carried away the stones of the abutments which supported it, to build or repair a paltry fort on their castle hill. From the time when these were removed, it had so visibly began to sway, that it could not be approached without imminent danger. Unappalled by its threatening aspect, some gentlemen of Old Aberdeen, desirous of saving three bells which then hung in it, in a drunken frolic scrambled up its dreary stairs, and had actually succeeded in carrying the last of them to the west door of the church, when they heard the dreadful crash of its fall. Such an undertaking

no men in their sober senses would have dared to attempt.

On walking round the church, at the east end of it, the attention of a stranger is attracted by two pillars, yet almost entire, which support one of the four arches on which this high tower formerly stood. These pillars, in the true Gothic style, resemble trunks of trees bound together; and their capitals have been ornamented with the most beautiful foliage in high relief, part of which has yet withstood the ravages of time. It is to be regretted, that this arch is now filled up by the east wall of the church; by which means a large proportion of the fine sculpture of these pillars is effectually concealed. In this spot, which is surrounded with a wall of about eight or ten feet high, part of the remains of the old cathedral, we may yet distinctly trace the ruin of Bishop Gavin Dunbar's aisle to the south, and that of St. John's aisle to the north. We now see an ornamented arch, part of Bishop Dunbar's tomb, in

which his effigy, in marble, lay at full length ; but we are told, that about the period of the Reformation, the fanatics defaced the tomb, obliterated the inscription, and broke the effigy in pieces. In the north, or St. John's aisle, is the tomb of Bishop Lichon, who died about the year 1440. Though it has also suffered considerably by the destroying zeal of the Scots Reformers, there is yet to be seen in it a stone effigy of the bishop, at full length, with the mitre on his head, and the pastoral staff in his hand ; over which is a long loose stone, with an inscription perfectly legible, but not worth transcribing. In these two aisles several bishops are buried, but they have no other monuments than common grave-stones. A few of these grave-stones were broken by the fall of the roof of this aisle, which was blown down by a dreadful hurricane of wind and rain on the 26th of November, 1719. Among the broken stones, there is one over the body of a Mary Irvine, who died in the

year 1718; which deserves notice, only because she was the first person in the north of Scotland, over whose grave the funeral service of the church of England was read.

At the west end of the church two flower-steeple are yet entire, except that some of the ornaments of the belts which surround them have fallen down. They rise square from the ground, but their tops are octagonal, terminating in a point, on which there is an iron cross. They plainly belong to no order of architecture, but their two ornamented belts serve to mark them as clumsy imitations of the pope's mitre or triple crown.

The whole of this church has lately been repaired in a substantial manner. The inside of it is neatly fitted up, and forms a large and commodious place of worship for the parish. In the roof of the nave, the stranger is pleased to see the venerable remains of antiquity still entire. It was ceiled with the finest oak by Bishop Gavin Dunbar, and the work-

manship of it is so excellent, that it may be placed in competition with any thing of the kind now extant in Scotland. It consists of three files of square pannels, joining at the opposite angular points: and in these pannels are painted the arms and titles of the princes, nobles, and bishops, who contributed to the erection of the cathedral. In the north aisle are the arms of the emperor, and of foreign kings and princes; in the middle, those of the pope and of all the Scottish bishops; and in the south, those of the Scotch king and his nobles. Upon the border of the north side, along the top of the wall, is painted, in the order of their succession to the see, the names of the bishops of Aberdeen; and upon the border of the south side, the name of Malcolm the Second, who, as a testimony of his gratitude to God for a signal victory gained over the Danes at Mortlach, ordered a church to be built at Mortlach, and erected it into an episcopal see. This border, besides the names of

other Scottish kings, contains also that of Saint David, King of Scotland, who translated the see from Mordlach to Old Aberdeen, and added much to its revenue. This ceiling was made about the year 1522, by Samuel Winter, from the county of Angus, for the very moderate sum of eight pounds Scots (thirteen shillings and fourpence sterling); but such is the change in the value of money within the last three centuries, that, by an estimate lately received from two most respectable house carpenters, it could not now be executed of the same materials for less than one thousand pounds sterling, besides fifty pounds for scaffolding. A neat painting of this ceiling, done some years ago by Mr. Cordiner, now one of the ministers of St. Paul's chapel in Aberdeen, I have heard, was presented to the Society of Antiquaries of London, by Mr. Ferguson, of Pitfour, the present member of parliament for the county of Aberdeen.

In the wall of the church, there is

recently put up for preservation, a small stone, lately found lying loose in the church-yard. It bears the following inscription, worthy of notice only on account of its antiquity.

Hic jacet nobilis vir Alx
 de synd' d' broxismoch
 nepos dñi h d' lychtōn huj'
 eccle epi qui obiit xvi die
 Octobr a° d' m° ccccxxxii sui
 etat° a° kl brati p aña ej'

This inscription, like all those on the most ancient tombs about this cathedral, and the writings on the ceiling, are done in an old character somewhat resembling the Black Saxon, but differing from it in several particulars, which occasion some difficulty in reading them.

In an aisle within the church, which has been inclosed, and was lately used as a vestry or session-house, is put up a very old pulpit, which was used till within these twenty years, when the church was repaired. This curious remnant of anti-

quity is built of black oak, with square sculptured pannels. On its front is the mitre of Bishop William Stewart, with his arms, and at the sides of the mitre, V. S. the initials of his name. In a niche within the wall is a figure, which, by its dress, would seem to represent a prebendary, with an inscription now rendered illegible by plaster and moss.

But the tomb most worthy of notice within the church, is that of Bishop Scougal, which is still entire. In the middle of this tomb his effigy appears in high relief, and in the canonical dress of the age in which he lived. If we may judge from its striking resemblance to a picture of the bishop, now in the hall of King's College in this city, it is a very just representation of the figure and features of that venerable man. On each side of the effigy stands a figure of a young man, and beyond each of these a burning torch. On the pedestal his mitre and pastoral staff are finely cut; and on the top, which is supported by two

beautiful pillars, these again appear with his armorial coat and motto, over which are placed three flaming urns. This tomb is designed with taste, and executed with elegance. It was finely illuminated, but the colours have been suffered to fade. It was erected, as the inscription bears, in the year 1685, by Mr. James Scougal, Commissary of the Diocese of Aberdeen, to the memory of his father, who died February the 16th, 1682, in the eighteenth year of his bishopric, and seventy-fifth of his age. It formerly stood by itself, at the entrance of what is called, Bishop Scougal's Aisle, where it was likely to fall in pieces; but was lately moved back the distance of one arch, to the wall of the south steeple, by which it is now supported.

In a small apartment within this steeple, Mr. Henry Scougal, son of this worthy prelate, is said to have spent some of the last years of his life. He died in the year 1671; and though only in the twenty-eighth year of his age, had been four

years a regent or professor of philosophy in King's College, one year minister of Auchterless, and four years professor of divinity in Old Aberdeen. This young man, celebrated with great justice for piety and learning, published a small treatise, entitled "The Life of God in
" the Soul of Man, or the Nature and
" Excellency of the Christian Religion."

It was by the earnest persuasion of his friend Bishop Burnet, of Sarum, that his innate modesty was so far overcome, as to permit this uncommonly excellent little tract to see the light. It has gone through many editions, and was early patronised by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. About the year 1726, it was reprinted by Doctor Garden, with the addition of nine of young Scougal's sermons. Unquestionably great as its merit is, however, it is brought to notice here, chiefly for the uncommon excellence of its style, and the contrast which its rational and manly spirit of piety and benevolence forms with the

enthusiastic ravings, industriously circulated in pamphlets by modern methodists. By the truly popular essay of the former the understanding must be enlightened and the heart improved; but by the fanatical and impassioned absurdities of the latter, the minds of the more illiterate classes of our countrymen are too often wrought up into a state of delusive intoxication, unfriendly to true religion and morals. In respect of composition, it is equalled by none of his cotemporary writers, and excelled by few of the present age. As a book of practical religious instruction, adapted to all classes of the community, its sound sense, its philanthropic sentiments, and its fervent glow of piety render it worthy of being regarded as a model. The only other compositions of this truly worthy young man now remaining, are the Prayers used, in his time, in the morning and evening service, in the cathedral church of Old Aberdeen. They are published in the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britan-*

nica, No. 3, 1782. With respect to them, it is enough to say that they are excellent devotional pieces, in all respects worthy of their author; and that they are certainly curious, because they serve to show how widely different the service of the old protestant episcopal church of Scotland was in its forms from that of the church of England, and how nearly it coincides with the mode of worship adopted in the present presbyterian establishment of North Britain. If the Scottish bishops, at the accession of William and Mary, instead of adhering to the unfortunate family of Stewart, had shewn a hearty allegiance to their new sovereign; and if they had not, misled by the zeal of Archbishop Laud, been too forward in their attempts to force the English liturgy upon their countrymen, their religion might probably at this hour have had the sanction of the civil establishment, and the whole United Kingdom would have been under the same form of church government.

With respect to young Scougal, it is told that he died in his favorite apartment in the steeple, a still and solemn abode, suited to the religious cast of his mind, which, owing to some unfortunate incidents in life, was not without its tinge of gloom. The body was carried to the college chapel, where it was for some time laid in state on the tombstone of Bishop Elphinstone; a ceremony still observed with respect to all professors or students who die at college. His father, the venerable bishop, then lived in Cluny's Lodgings, between the south port and the cathedral. When the general procession moved from the college to the church, it is reported of this excellent prelate, that he requested some gentlemen who attended him to lead him to the window. There he stood, in all the dignity of silent grief, with his eye steadily fixed on the sad procession till it entirely disappeared. Then lifting his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, in the genuine spirit of

christian resignation, "O my God, I
 "thank thee that I had such a son!"
 Having done this, he desired his friends
 to assist him to his chair, and entered
 with composure into conversation with
 his company.

In Old Aberdeen there is an hospital
 for twelve old men, founded by Bishop
 Gavin Dunbar, called the Beed-House.
 Since the death of that prelate, a few
 have been added by private donations
 to the number of beedmen. Some of
 them stay in the house, and others lodge
 with their friends. They receive six
 shillings monthly, but their pay will
 soon be augmented.

There is also an hospital, founded and
 endowed within these few years for ten
 old women; five maidens, daughters of
 burgesses, and five widows of burgesses
 of Old Aberdeen. The women in it live
 comfortably. It was founded by Dr.
 Mitchel of Hollowaydown, who was born
 in this city, and for whom a neat marble
 monument is erected in the church.

Of the college an account may be had in Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account. The manufactories in the parish, of cotton and flax, are numerous and flourishing.

King's College forms three sides of a square; the south side contains the hall, and a suite of apartments, under which are the piazza. At the east end is the private school, and a lofty square building, six stories high, consisting of twenty-four apartments. On the north side was the chapel, now converted into the library.

The college was originally founded by Bishop Elphinstone, in 1500, by a bull of Pope Alexander the Sixth, obtained by James the Fourth. Over the door of the library is this inscription:

*" Per serenissimum, illustrissimum, ac invictissimum
 " J. IV. R. 4 nonas Aprilis, anno 1500, hoc insigne
 " Collegium latini inceperunt edificari."*

The bishop built the greatest part of the fabric, furnished the steeple, on the

west end of the library, with ten bells, which have long since been disposed of; and finished the top with four elegant arches, supporting an imperial crown, surmounted with a globe and cross.

The principal and professors have manses and globes in the town of Old Aberdeen, annexed to their offices.

Bishop Elphinstone having died at Edinburgh, his body was embalmed, and brought to the college, where he is interred, near the foot of the high altar, beneath a black marble stone; Hector Boetius, the first principal of the college, lies beside him.

The original constitution of the college consisted of

The Principal, who must be a Doctor of Theology;

Sub-Principal, Teacher of Philosophy;

A Doctor of the Canon Law;

A Doctor of Civil Law;

A Doctor of Physic;

A Professor of Humanity;

Six Students in Divinity;

Three Students in the Law ;
 Thirteen Students in Philosophy ;
 An Organist ;
 Five Singing Boys, who were Students
 in Humanity.

The constitution is now formed of a
 Chancellor, generally a nobleman of
 high rank ;

A Rector, entitled Lord Rector ;
 A Principal and Sub-Principal ;
 A Procurator, who has the charge of
 the funds.

The Professors are, of Humanity or
 Latin, Greek ;

Three of Philosophy, Oriental Lan-
 guages, Civil Law, Divinity, and Medi-
 cine.

The number of students is from one
 hundred and twenty to one hundred and
 sixty.

The students who attend this college
 lodge in the town.

In the hall of the college are some
 tolerable portraits. Over the chimney-
 piece are Bishops Elphinstone and Dun-

bar. The others consist of Bishops Forbes, Leslie, and Scougal; George Buchanan, &c.; the ten sibyls, said to be likenesses of celebrated beauties of the times, supposed to be painted by Jamieson.

The late Dr. Gerard, professor of divinity, was distinguished in the literary world as an able theologian, and obtained much reputation by his work, entitled "An Essay on Original Genius." He was a man so retired in his mode of life, that there has been little to mark his walk, either as one who took a conspicuous part, or appeared a prominent character. He passed his days in the bosom of his amiable family, respected and beloved.

Since his death, his son, the present Dr. Gerard, professor of divinity, has published his lectures on "The Pastoral Care," in which are included all the varieties of pulpit composition, and all the duties peculiar to the pastoral office in the established church of Scotland.

He has also published Heads of Lectures on Scripture Criticism ; a book in which a most extensive range of theological learning is displayed, and applied to the elucidation of the sacred text, in a manner which cannot fail of being highly serviceable to the biblical student.

Having stated so much respecting the writings of the late Doctors Campbell and Gerard, I am led to observe, from what I deem good authority, that they had the merit of introducing a new and highly improved method of instructing their theological pupils. In this method they have never been in any degree anticipated, except by the late amiable Principal Leachman of Glasgow College, who, when he taught divinity in that university, for Professor Simpson, during his suspension for heresy, gave a course of nineteen lectures on pulpit eloquence; but a gentleman, who has since seen the lectures in MSS. and who had the happiness to hear those of Doctors Campbell:

and Gerhart, thinks that the latter have excelled their predecessor.

In Old Aberdeen, Mr. MacLachlan, assistant schoolmaster, a young man of great genius and learning, has translated the Iliad of Homer into Gaelic heroic verse. Many parts of this translation have been circulated in Badenoch, through the dreary wilds of which country he has caused the strains of the Grecian bard to resound, as those of Ossian did in days of yore. Mr. MacLachlan is now employed in making a new translation of Ossian's Poems; which, it is to be hoped, will furnish an additional proof of their authenticity, and exhibit them in a less florid dress than Macpherson has done. The investigations now conducting under the Highland Society of Scotland will probably terminate in bringing to view new and striking proofs of their authenticity. They seem to have been collected from an old tradition, and put together by Mr. Macpherson according to his own judgment and taste; and he has supplied

from his own imagination what he supposed necessary to connect them into a whole. It is not doubted that the works of Homer, as they now appear, have been put together in the same manner from fragments more perfect, and arranged by an abler hand.

About two or three hundred yards to the west of the church of Old Aberdeen is an artificial mount, of considerable height, on the deep wooded bank of the Don, and about fifty or sixty yards to the south of it, a hollow, from which it has evidently been extracted. Tradition says, that in popish times, this mount was raised by order of the priests, who prescribed the carrying of certain quantities of earth as a penance, and that the mound thus raised was under a watch tower.

The romantically situated bridge of Don, consisting of one Gothic arch, was built by Henry Cheyne, Bishop of Aberdeen, who filled the episcopal see in 1281. About this time the national

question, regarding the succession to the crown of Scotland, between Bruce and Baliol, being in agitation, the bishop favored the side of Baliol, and was obliged to take refuge in England; but on the accession of Robert Bruce to the throne, in 1305, he returned to Scotland, and was restored to his see. In return for this, he appropriated the intermediate revenues of his see towards building this bridge, which consists of one arch, sixty feet in span at the surface of the water, and about thirty-four feet high. The abutments rest on the rock, on each side of the river.

LETTER XXXIX.



Foveran, September 4.

For some days past my time has been so much engrossed in renewing early friendships, and visiting some of the scenes of early life, as to create a pause in those subjects which can alone interest strangers. I shall therefore merely add, that after devoting a week to the indulgence of much gratification, beneath the roof of pleasing connections in Aberdeen, I now address your Ladyship from the mansion of old and respected friends; and although I feel averse from so much egotism, as at times I have been guilty of, yet not to have been in some degree an egotist, would have discovered me void of sentiments of grateful and tender recollection in visiting the "land of my fathers."

The general aspect of the country here, like all the northern coast, is open and little cultivated; the crops appear rich and abundant. The sea-view is very grand. In the river Ythan, which waters the small fishing town of Newberry, there is a large mussel and salmon-fishery. The mussels are used as baits by all the fishermen along this coast. The pearl still worn in the English crown was found in this river, which formerly contained a vast number, and some of considerable size.

This day was spent in visiting two places Dr. Johnson's Tour through Scotland had excited in me a great desire to see. Slains castle, and the Buths of Buchan. These singular situations are fifteen miles from Foveran, on the high road to Peterhead. The ride is along the most barren and dreary part of Scotland; and few objects appear to amuse the traveller until Slains Castle presents itself, seated on a bold projec-

tion of rock, hanging in terrific majesty over the sea.

The approach to this seat of the Earl of Errol is over a road so bad as in winter to be impassable; and in reaching the village of Slains, the low and irregular buildings, with its multitude of chimneys, small windows, and little air of grandeur, give it rather the appearance of a mass of mean houses heaped together, than the fabric of a stately castle, into which it has been magnified by a travelling knight. The apartments are poor; but from being stript of their furniture they are seen to disadvantage. The view from the drawing-room is awfully magnificent; for the house is literally *built upon a rock*,* which is constantly washed by the sea, and nothing is to be discerned except the firmament and ocean, whose blue waves dash over, and sometimes envelope part of the building. Dr. John-

* "It stands on a perpendicular rock on the margin of the sea that separates Scotland from Norway."

son compares this castle to the view from mount Edgecombe. To behold the mansion of a nobleman placed in a remote part of a country where neither trees, verdure, nor vegetation were to be seen, and elevated on a high point of rock, jutting into the sea, only gave me an idea of those desolate abodes which I used to read of in the Fairy Tales, to which some beautiful damsel was banished by the wicked genii, and obliged to remain until restored by some good spirit.

From Slains Castle we walked to the Bullers of Buchan; and were much indebted to the Rev. Mr. P—— for shewing me a series of rocks, not known to travellers, who usually go from Slains to Ellon instead of traversing the path which we took, and which extended for two miles along the cliffs, commanding a grandeur of scenery that at once astonish and delight.

The prominent and isolated rock called Bumbaye or Dunbuy, is equally wonderful in its formation as the Bullers

of Buchan. Indeed I am doubtful whether it is not the most striking of the two, from its natural and magnificent arch, of considerable height, and through which the sea flows with a noisy and terrific impetuosity. The scream of the sea-fowl, the turbulence of the waves, the savage and gloomy desolation of this place, were as surprising to me as they were novel. There is an extravagant wildness in these rocks, called the *Buller's of Buchan*,* which astonish and awe the

* "The Buller of Boniflor, of Buchan, is a rock perpendicularly tubulated, united on one side with a high shore, and on the other rising steep to a great height above the main sea. The top is open, from which may be seen a dark gulf of water, which flows into the cavity through a breach made in the lower part of the inclosing rock. It has the appearance of a vast wall, (entering through the arch by water), the bason in which we floated was nearly circular; perhaps thirty yards in diameter, inclosed by a natural wall, rising steep on every side to a height which produced the idea of insurmountable confinement. The interception of all lateral light caused gloom. Round us was a perpendicular rock, above us the distant sky, and below an unknown profundity of water."

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spectator. Their stupendous height, with the infuriate waves dashing with tremendous roar through the open arches, in whose recesses hideous caverns had formed themselves, cannot really, in description, convey any idea of their extraordinary appearance. The hamlet of the Bolders of Buchan, consisting of a few rude fishermen's huts, appears almost too desolate for human habitations, yet the natives of these wild rocks are not merely content, but are as happy as they appeared cheerful and industrious.

In going from Foveran to Slains we forded the river Ythan, which lies about a mile from the sea. There is a sort of natural harbour at the mouth of the river; but the entrance is said to be difficult, and the situation of the vessels afterwards inconvenient for the purpose of unloading their cargoes; notwithstanding a considerable trade is carried on, particularly in grain, coal, and lime. It is in contemplation to form a new harbour, which Colonel Udney, the proprie-

tor, and Mr. R——, of Foveran, (whose estate is contiguous) with other gentlemen in the neighbourhood, are very desirous to promote.

The salmon and mussel fishery belongs to Colonel Udney.

After crossing the river we entered into the parish of Slains, which, on the approach, presents a very singular appearance; many hundred acres of ground, indeed almost a whole parish, formerly called Forvie, entirely covered with sand. The most natural account of this phenomenon seems to be, that the sand has been forced along the coast by the tide, from a mountain of it on the other side the Ythan, which has quite disappeared, and from an opening in the rocks on the coast of Slains, only about 150 yards wide, has progressively blown up, and by degrees covered the ground where it now lies, in some places to a great depth. There are, however, various traditions respecting this uncommon appearance. A popular supersti-

tious one is, that the lands belonged to three sisters, who had been unjustly defrauded of them. The ladies, indignant at the loss of their property, and putting confidence in supernatural aid to avenge the injury which they had sustained, are represented as having thrown themselves on their knees upon the shore, at sunrise, with their faces towards the east, and to have fervently prayed that their oppressor might never derive any benefit from his acquisition. These supplications, according to the tradition, were heard; for before the following morning, the whole surface, to the extent of upwards of a thousand acres, was entirely covered with sand.

Proceeding along the road on the right hand towards the sea, are the remains of the old castle of Slains, the original residence of the Earls of Errol. It is said to have been demolished by James VI. in the rebellion of the Earl of Huntley, with whom this family had doubtless united. In those days it must have been

a place of great strength ; for though built upon a rock, and washed on three sides by the sea, it is protected on land by a fossé, which is still of great depth.

On the sea-coast of this parish there are several caves of considerable size. The singular *dropping* cave has often excited the observation of the naturalist, from its peculiar appearance, arising from the quality of the water that falls from its roof: the drops being saturated with calcareous matter, and hanging from the top of the cave, harden by degrees into incrustations of various forms and denominations. The crystalline ceiling on this place being illuminated by a candle, with its suspended icicles, makes so sparkling and beautiful an appearance as to look like a fairy palace. The whitest of these incrustations, I am told, makes the finest lime.

The cave is situated on a steep eminence overhanging the sea, at whose margin it is placed. From the earth giving way, the entrance is sometimes choaked

up, and by that means rendered inaccessible. Professor Copeland, of Aberdeen, I understand, was the last person who had it opened, and from having been several years shut, he obtained some large and fine specimens. The late Earl of Errol procured such a quantity of calcareous incrustations out of this cave, as to make lime sufficient to whitewash his mansion of Slains castle.

We returned to Foveran by the parish of Cruden; which derives its name from an event famous in the annals of this part of the country. The Danes are said to have effected a landing in a bay on the coast, near the modern castle of Slains, where a battle was fought between them and the Scots, under the command of King Malcolm II. in which the latter were victorious. The Danish commander was the famous Canute, who afterwards performed so conspicuous a part in the history of those times. On his defeat he immediately evacuated Scotland with all his followers, and agreed

never more to attempt invading it. The Scottish King, to perpetuate so glorious and happy an event, ordered a chapel to be built on the spot, of which there are now no remains. The ground surrounding the chapel he called *Crojee Dane*, which is said to signify *kill the Dane*; or *Cray Dane*, which means *slaughter the Dane*; hence the derivation of *Cruden*, the modern name of the parish.

Passing through the cheerful and pretty town of Ellon, which has nothing conspicuous in it, I returned in the evening to Foveran with my friends, who have afforded me the opportunity of describing these wild and extraordinary places I have seen to-day.

LETTER XL.

Dunnottar House, September 13.

HAVING proceeded direct from Perth to Aberdeen, in my way north, I shall, during my return, give your Ladyship an account of those places which are worthy of observation between this and Edinburgh.

The noble and hospitable mansion whence I address you, lies a mile southward of the small sea-port of Stonehaven, and a short distance from the venerable ruin of Dunnottar. This castle stands on a peninsulated rock jutting into the sea, and is accessible from the land by a narrow steep winding path, which leads to the area occupying above an English acre of ground. The buildings, of different ages, are numerous, and consist of apartments, offices, a chapel, and

gallery, a hundred and twenty feet long.

This castle was built during the contention between Bruce and Baliol, by Sir William Keith, Great Marischal of Scotland; as a place of safety for himself and family in those turbulent times.

In the year 1200, it was taken by Sir William Wallace, who burnt four thousand English in it, and was fortified by King Edward the Third, in 1336, in his progress through Scotland; but was re-taken on his quitting it by the guardian Sir Andrew Murray. According to tradition, in the civil wars it was besieged by the Marquis of Montrose, in 1661.

When the rebels in Britain, under Cromwell, had triumphed over Charles the First, the regalia of Scotland was delivered to the custody of the Earl Marischal, and were lodged in the strong castle of Dunnottar, as a place of the greatest security, and distance from the enemy.

The earl being in the fields to defend his king and country against the usurper, he made choice of George Ogilvie of Barras, as the fittest man for his valour, prudence, and loyalty, to intrust the care of the castle of Dunnottar, with the crown, sceptre, and sword; and other monuments of the kingdom, making him lieutenant. The Earl Marischal having intrusted the government and honors to him, he accompanied Charles the Second to England, and afterwards to the battle of Worcester; where he was taken by the English, carried to London, and detained a prisoner in the Tower for a long time.

George Ogilvie being sole governor of the castle, which had not sufficient force and provisions to hold out against a long siege; and observing the advances which the English daily made in reducing the nation, was much perplexed how to prevent the enemy from getting the regalia into their hands. He consulted his lady, a woman of great prudence and undaunt-

ed courage ; who happily contrived that she should convey the regalia privately out of the castle, and secure them in a place of safety unknown to her husband, who might then freely declare to the enemy he knew not where they were. The plan being agreed upon, Mrs. Ogilvie sent for Mr. James Granger, the minister of Kinneff, and imparted to him and his wife, on their promised fidelity, her design, which was accordingly executed by putting the honors in a sack amongst some flax, and conveying them out of the castle by that means on the back of a female servant. They were sometimes kept in the church of Kinneff, under the pulpit, and at other times laid in a double bottomed bed in the manse.

George Ogilvie the governor, not being able to hold out against so powerful a siege, and expecting all forts and castles would be in the enemy's possession, entered into a capitulation with Colonel Thomas Morgan, and surrender-

ed on honorable terms. The garrison was permitted to march out of the castle with drums beating and colours flying, which were carried by Sir William Ogilvie of Barras, son to Captain Ogilvie, who was the last person who carried colours at that time in Scotland for the King. One of the articles of capitulation was, to deliver the regalia of Scotland, or give a rational account of where they were to be found.

After the surrender of the castle, the English demanded the regalia of the governor. He declared he knew not where they were, his wife having taken them privately away; upon which he was put into close confinement in the castle, and his lady threatened with torture. She boldly affirmed, by way of evasion, for her own safety, that she had delivered the honors to John Keith (afterwards Earl of Kintore), who carried them abroad to the King. The English distrusting her, put her also in close confinement, and sent a party to the house

of Barras, to apprehend their son, that they might torture him in sight of his parents, to extort a confession from them; but he providentially made a timely escape, and underwent much fatigue, travelling night and day until he reached his friends in Angus, with whom he remained concealed.

After Captain Ogilvie and his Lady had been close prisoners for a year, during which period they suffered much inhuman usage from the cruelty of the English, by adhering to their former declaration, that the regalia were carried abroad by John Keith, and having an appearance of truth, Major General Dean was prevailed upon by the mediation of friends, to allow them to go to their own house at Barras, upon the following conditions :

“ That they depart not above three
“ miles from Barras, being their habita-
“ tion; that they neither of them act
“ nothing that is or may be prejudicial
“ to the Commonwealth of England;

“ and likewise, on advertisement or
“ warning given, they present them-
“ selves true prisoners at Dunnottar
“ Castle, to the governor thereof or his
“ depute.”

Under this restraint, Captain Ogilvie's Lady died, and he remained therein till the restoration of King Charles the Second, and had special care of the honors, by sending monthly clean linen to James Granger's wife, with instructions to take them out of the ground, and wrap them up in the same, lest they should be soiled or tarnished; which the minister of Kinneff punctually observed; and they were faithful in their secrecy until the King's Restoration, and then delivered the regalia to Captain Ogilvie, who, according to the King's order, delivered them to the Earl Marischal, in as good condition as he at first received them.

Thus were Captain George Ogilvie and his Lady the principal preservers of the regalia of Scotland, and the only

sufferers thereby. On her death-bed, and not till then, did Mrs. Ogilvie impart to her husband where the regalia were hid; and took his hand upon oath, that although he should be brought to the scaffold to be executed, he would never betray his trust, nor deliver up the honors to the English.

When Sir George Ogilvie, after the King's Restoration, had delivered the regalia to the Earl Marischal, and got the receipt for them, he went to London, where he was kindly received by the King, and made a Knight Baronet, with the promise of a pension as soon as his Majesty's revenues were settled.

I am indebted to Mrs. A——, of Dunnottar House, for the following beautiful Poem on Dunnottar Castle:

DUNNOTTAR CASTLE:

A Poem, written by Mrs. Carnegie, of Charlton, in the Year 1763. Copied from an Original Manuscript, in the possession of the Rev. Mr. James Walker.

DUNNOTTAR! ruin'd pride, and falling tow'rs!
I sing, O! Walker, and the song is yours.

With you I wander'd o'er the moss-grown domes,
Still o'er the scene with you my fancy roams;
Still the idea rises to my view,
With gloomy grandeur, pleasure ever new.
The rolling main, the rocks stupendous height,
Oh striking prospect! swim before my sight
In flowing verse be now the scene display'd,
Muse, fancy, mem'ry, I crave your aid.

High on a rock, half-sea-beat, half on land,
The castle stood, and still its ruins stand;
Wide o'er the German main its prospect bent,
Steep is the path, and rugged the ascent;
And when with labour climb'd the narrow way,
Long sounding vaults receive you from the day.
There hung the huge portcullis, there the bar,
Drawn on the iron gate, defy'd the war.
Oh! great Dunnottar! once of strength the seat,
Once deem'd impregnable, thou yield'st to fate!
Nor rocks, nor seas, nor arms, thy gate defend;
Thy pride is fall'n! thy ancient glories end.

Up from the gate we climb the slipp'ry way,
Still falling turrets, mould'ring tow'rs survey,
The walls, the caves, with various moss o'ergrown,
And threat'ning hangs on high the loosen'd stone.
Slowly we mount, thro' broken arches creep,
And gain at length the summit of the steep;
Curious around the airy height we gaze,
Here the great wall its ample round displays,

O vast circumference, and depth profound !
Now fill'd with ruins of the falling mound.
Here stood the palace, rais'd in air sublime,
On rows of vaults that seem to mock at Time ;
Yet he asserts his pow'r, and claims his prey ;
They break, they fall ; what can resist his sway ?
Here thro' innumerable vaults we run,
Cold, darksome, raw, impervious to the sun ;
Brown with the rust of years, and from their tops
Incessantly the oozing moisture drops.
We leave the gloom, the wheeling steps ascend,
Our walk along the roofless palace bend.
Here thro' the long apartments as we pass,
The south wind whistles in the waving grass,
That clothes the pavement, crowns the naked walls,
The broken turrets and deserted halls.
Here once the seat of many a mighty name,
The jackdaw chatters, and the sea-fowl scream.
Here dwelt great Ogilvie, and held the tow'r,
The last that yielded to th' usurper's pow'r ;
By honest craft, from hence the crown convey'd,
And Caledonia's gems in safety laid.
Nor hopes of favour, nor the threats of pow'r
Could shake his soul, or his fix'd heart allure.
Firm as these rocks, he and his daring wife
Endur'd the torture, scorning shameful life ;
Still kept the charge till fate their king restor'd,
Then sent uninjur'd to their rightful lord.
Glorious defenders of the regal gold,
Illustrious Caledonians, patriots bold,

With joy your heroism I rehearse,
 And give your mem'ry, all I can—a verse.
 Oh ! may this land your guardian care engage,
 Your great example fire with gen'rous rage,
 And warm to glorious deeds each future age.
 Thou Barras, hear ! and deign t'approve the lays,
 That try my valiant ancestors to praise.

Now turning from the walls, high o'er the steep
 Impending cliffs, we view the boundless deep.
 All round the winding coast black rocks arise,
 With wild, uncouth variety surprise.
 The waves roll slow and silent to the shore,
 Then dash the craggy rock, with sullen roar;
 From rock to rock the breaking surge rebounds,
 While endless echoes catch and swell the sounds.
 The green sea here with ceaseless fury raves,
 And tossing high in air her raging waves,
 Bursting they fall with loud repeated shock,
 And in white torrents pour along the rock.
 But off from shore in peace the ocean lies,
 Ting'd with the colours of the glowing skies.
 The gentle breezes sport upon the deep,
 And murm'ring soft the vast expansion sweep ;
 Refulgent Phœbus, in meridian height,
 Enrobes the lucid wave with dazzling light ;
 The sparkling beams, on the smooth surface play,
 And streams of foam float o'er the wat'ry way.
 Here let description cease, but yet prolong
 Thy task, my muse, and moralize the song.

Think, all who gaze on fam'd Dunnottar's wall,
 Like it shall all terrestrial glory fall.
 Youth flies apace, frail beauty meets decay,
 The mighty's strength like ice shall melt away.
 Riches take wings, and fame's far sounding boast
 Shall die away, the pride of pow'r be lost,
 Health, pleasures, life, shall pass, a fading flow'r,
 Sport of a day, and pageant of an hour.
 Fix not on these thy heart, but rise sublime,
 And seek a bliss unmov'd by fate or time.
 Virtue alone can give eternal joy,
 No chance can alter, no possession cloy.
 Virtue, like this great rock, stands firmly brave,
 And scorns the ebb or flow of fortune's wave;
 Unmov'd, the storms of life can calmly bear,
 Collected in itself, and void of fear.
 E'en when these rocks and seas shall pass away,
 And that bright orb no longer pour the day,
 Virtue shall stand the test, like gold refin'd,
 And beam immortal radiance on the mind;
 Through endless ages gain increasing store
 Of light and life, and joy, and active pow'r,
 And bloom when time and nature are no more.

Stonehaven is a small town, situated
 at the foot of high cliffs, on the edge of
 the sea, and here takes the form of a
 bay. The harbour admits a few ships,

which at high water may find entrance. Little trade is carried on, and the inhabitants do not consist of above twelve hundred persons.

Two miles south of Dunnottar Castle is a rock, called Foulshough, where immense numbers of sea fowl breed, called kittiwakes. The method of taking them is singular. A man is wrapped in a blanket, with a sort of truss round his waist, to which a rope is fastened that serves to suspend him amidst the rocks, for the purpose of taking these birds. They are caught with a long pole, having two prongs at the end resembling a fork, by means of which the bird is entrapped; and the fowler, letting the pole gently slip through his hands, seizes the bird alive, and puts it into a bag which is slung to his girdle. These birds are eaten, and considered a good provocation to the appetite; but from the fishy taste they have, I should not think them very palatable. The feathers of the kittiwakes are of so downy a quality, as to be

of considerable value, and are used for beds.

There is another sort of bird which breeds in these enormous rocks, called the coot. The egg is larger than that of a turkey, of a green colour, spotted with black, and when boiled hard resembles in taste that of a plover.

A mile from Stonehaven is the ancient seat of the Barclay's of Urie. The great grandfather of the present Mr. Barclay, the famous pedestrian, was the author of the *Apology for the Quakers*; and in the mansion is shewn the closet, in which he composed that work. He was the great advocate of that sect, and his piety, moderation, and abilities, will ever render his memory worthy of the highest esteem and respect.

His son, the father of the present Mr. Barclay, was the person, who, by his persevering industry and skill in agriculture, first converted barren heaths into rich fields of clover, oats, and wheat; and instead of sterile wastes, made the

lands smile with abundance and fertility.

On the top of a hill, not far distant from the house of Urie, is the burial-place of the family, where this distinguished character is interred.

LETTER XLI.

Kinnettles, September 15.

SUCH is the hospitality I experience in Scotland, that I cannot stop by the way but in the mansions of friends or relations. This afternoon brought me to Kinnettles, —it is a very sweet place, sequestered at the foot of steep hills, clothed with dark woods. The house is open to a fine lawn, and presents a more cultivated country than I have seen during my northern excursion.

On leaving Dunottar House, I proceeded to Lawrencekirk. This village derived all its beauty and flourishing appearance from the late Lord Gardenstone, whose fine taste and philanthropic spirit led him to be of considerable benefit to the country in which he lived. His Lordship here established a public li-

brary and museum, for the amusement of those travellers, who resorted to the Inn. His liberal plan, however, was so much abused by many ignorant and idle persons, that the library has, of late years, been necessarily closed.

To a gentleman, of Aberdeen I am indebted for the following elegant sketch of his Lordship's character, which, from his intimacy with his Lordship, may be relied on, as authentic and just. Mr. E—— subjoined it to Lord Gardenstone's travelling memorandums; and has now done me the favour of allowing me to publish it in this work:—

“ The sound judgment, classical taste, and comprehensive genius of Lord Gardenstone, are evidently seen in the unpremeditated memorandums which form the substance of the third and the two preceding volumes. They were invariably written in haste, and “ on the spur of the occasion ;” yet they discover, not only just observation on the different subjects which present themselves, but a gaiety

of manner joined to a perspicuity and force of expression, which never failed to distinguish whatever his Lordship attempted to describe. No one could more readily form a correct opinion of men and manners; nor was any one more a friend to the decencies and decorums which so greatly contribute to give a higher relish to the best enjoyments of social intercourse; and which so considerably tend to influence the happiness of human life.

“ His letter to the inhabitants of his favourite village of Lawrencekirk, exhibits a mind animated with the most ardent desire to promote the happiness of his rising community, and free from the fetters of illiberal prejudice; but under the strongest impressions of the wisdom and goodness of the Deity, in his government of the universe; and a firm belief in the infinite advantages which mankind derive from the blessings and comforts of revelation. In his observations on the government of the different coun-

tries through which he passed, it is impossible to avoid observing the invariable disposition he manifests, to give a decided preference to that of Great Britain, and to speak in terms of just praise of the superior excellence of our happy constitution :—" After many struggles," says his Lordship, " we have obtained a " firm establishment of laws, under a " well-limited monarchy. 'The wisest " and best of our ancestors never aimed " at more ; and the attempt to introduce " a republic, though apparently successful for some time, ended in tyranny."

---*Travelling Memorandums*, vol. ii. p. 2 & 3.

" His taste and judgment in the fine arts are evident and striking, wherever the subject occurs to call them forth ; and the selection which he made when in Italy, for his own private collection, from paintings by the first masters, in copies, rather than supposititious originals, affords the strongest confirmation to the truth of this observation.

.. “ Lord Gardenstone’s eloquence was the most natural and energetic. There was in the tone of his voice, a harmony and modulation, which arrested the attention of the hearers, and delighted those who listened to him. His manner corresponded to his voice, and both, united, contributed like a charm, to make his eloquence irresistible. No one possessed the power of wit and humour, in a more eminent degree, but both were of the chastest kind, tempered alike with judgment and good-nature. He always spoke to please, never to offend. His conversation was enriched with apt and happy illustrations of the various topics in discussions, and whether these were gay or grave, he never failed to command the strong points of every subject, and to form the conclusion with infinite vivacity, or the most solemn propriety. Indeed, few excelled; and, if the partiality of a friend may be admitted, not many equalled him in all the best qualities of polite conversation. His language,

his manner, and his sentiments, were peculiarly those of a gentleman ; and from a memory well stored with whatever was worthy of remark in men or things, he never failed to furnish a valuable and no inconsiderable portion of whatever passed in that company who had the good fortune to have him as a member. To nature and genius he owed much. His comprehension embraced, at the first glance, whatever was important in the subject which presented itself ; and his talent for discrimination was such, that he at once seized the essential circumstances, and rejected whatever was futile and insignificant. Above all, the qualities of his heart beamed through whatever he said or did. His benevolence was warm and extensive, neither cramped by prejudice, nor narrowed by the partialities which too frequently influence even good men. His heart and his hand were in unison, and when he embarked in what he conceived was calculated to promote the happiness of deserving indi-

viduals, no honorable exertion was spared, however troublesome to himself, to secure the object he aimed.

“ To specify the instances of benevolence, which distinguished him from youth to mature and honorable age, would be to record the material circumstances of his life. Not satisfied with the ordinary occurrences which were occasionally presented, the principle of benevolence was continually exerting itself in search of opportunities of doing good ; and his ample mind was constantly dictating those deeds of munificence which gave him the justest title to be considered, by all who had the happiness of knowing him, as the friend of human kind.

“ These are but faint traces of the character of one whose worth was well known to the writer, to whom the memory of Lord Gardenstone will be ever dear, till his own remembrance, and other faculties, shall fail him.”

Aberdeen.

E.

To an elegant taste for literature, he united a lively vein of humour with infinite wit, in which, sometimes at the expense of others, he innocently indulged himself, as may be perceived by the following anecdote of him :

Travelling through the Highlands of Scotland, he rested at an inn where the landlord's name was Grant. Lord Gardenstone availing himself of the partiality of his host for his own *clan*, expatiated on the antiquity of the name. The landlord was aware that few, if any, of the Highland clans could date further back: but when his Lordship stated, that the name was known prior to the flood, the landlord seemed rather confounded, till Lord Gardenstone, to remove his doubts, desired him to read from a Bible then in the room, the 4th verse of the 6th chapter of Genesis, which he did accordingly in these words----“ There were *grants* on the earth in those days,” the landlord was quite elated by the discovery; and expressed a strong sense of

his obligation to Lord Gardenstone for making him acquainted with a fact, so highly honorable and interesting to his family :--- and Lord Gardenstone was much entertained at the effect produced on his credulous host by the slight alteration he had made on the word giants.

From Lawrencekirk I reached Brechin, which stands on the South Esk river : formerly it was a rich and ancient bishopric, founded by David I. The Culdees had a convent here, and there was likewise an hospital called *Maison de Dieu*, founded by William de Brechin, for the repose of the souls of the kings William and Alexander.

The cathedral is a Gothic pile,; part is ruinous, but the western part is used as the parish church. The steeple or tower is 120 feet high. At a small distance from the aisle stands the singular round tower, of which no record exists of its original design, and scarce a tradition of any consistency or credibility.

One, exactly similar, though not so entire, and only one besides it, remains in the kingdom. It stands in the churchyard of Abernethy, the ancient seat of the Pictish government, to whose ingenuity the structure of these elegant remains of antique architecture is ascribed. When Edward Longshanks stripped the Scotch of every monument of their independence which his violence could reach, he deprived antiquaries and historians of nine-tenths of the documents by which the state of society and the arts in those remote periods could be ascertained; and there are marks of spoliation to be seen in the tower of Brechin, which may perhaps be referred to his barbarous and despotic hands.*

* "The height of the tower is eighty feet; the inner diameter, within a few feet of the bottom, is eight feet; the thickness of the wall at that part, seven feet, two inches, so that the whole diameter is fifteen feet, two inches; the circumference, thirty-eight feet, eight inches; which proportion gives the building an inexpressible elegance. The top is roofed with an octagonal spire, twenty-three feet high,

Brechin castle is romantically situated on a perpendicular rock overhanging the Esk. It is a modern building, surrounded by extensive and beautiful pleasure-grounds, the property of the Hon. Mr. M———. Not a relic of the old castle is now remaining. It underwent a long siege in 1303, against the English under Edward I. and was gallantly defended by Sir Thomas Maule, who was slain, upon which it immediately surrendered.

The aspect of the country now began to improve, though still the sombre hue of the ever-green woods which skirt the dark and rugged Grampians, gave a pen- sive cast to the scenery, which even the

which makes the whole one hundred and three. In this spire are four windows, placed alternate on the sides, resting on the top of the tower: near the top of the tower are four others, facing the four cardinal points. Near the bottom are two arches, one within another, in relief; on the top of the outmost is the crucifixion; between the mouldings of the outmost and inner are two figures, one of the Virgin Mary, and the other of St. John, the Cup and the Lamb."

PENNANT.

sparkling Esk, winding through the vale, scarcely enlivened.

Between Brechin and Forfar, at a short distance from the high road, are the ruins of Melgund castle, formerly the residence of Cardinal Beaton. From the bridge over the South Esk water, rising above the trees which embower it, are seen the towers of Finglen castle, once the seat of the powerful family of Crawford, whose property in the county of Angus was very extensive. This particular estate has passed through many hands within a short space of time, and at this moment is the property of a fortunate merchant, who keeps it only as a matter of speculation for a profitable market. The most remarkable and memorable thing relative to this castle is, the speech which Lindsay Earl of Crawford is said to have made in it to his friends, after the defeat of Gordon of Huntly, in the battle of Brechin, May 18, 1452. It is told by Drummond, of Hawthornden, in his History of James II.

There is a fall in Isla behind the craig called, the *Reeky Lin*, from the incessant smoke or vapour raised by the water in its violent and almost precipitous descent. When the river is swelled it must be sublime; at all times, it is interesting, and by its height and force forbids the further ascent of the salmon, which often abound in the river below.

On the Melgund, which issues from the Loch of Glenbrathen, there are several picturesque falls. At the junction of the Isla with the Melgund, and other tributary streams, which form the boundaries of several contiguous parishes, stands the ancient castle of Airly, part of which has lately been repaired and made habitable. It overlooks four different parishes: Airly, Alyth, Glenisla, and Glenbrathen.

LETTER XLII.

Kinnettles, September 16th.

THERE are few counties in Scotland, in which some interesting object does not present itself to the notice of travellers. Glammis castle, in the vicinity of Kinnettles, is one of no inconsiderable distinction. This venerable structure is the property of the Earl of Strathmore, and is his seat in Scotland. Many noble edifices are called castles, without the least analogy to such a style of architecture : this is not the case with Glammis. There is a stately grandeur in the formation of the building, which carries the imagination back to feudal times. Its ponderous walls, small turrets, and numerous round towers surmounted with gold balls, high narrow windows, and rude diversity, give a character and

effect to the whole that are very striking.

Glammis Castle originally belonged to the crown, and was an old habitable mansion in 1372; when it was granted by Robert the Second to Sir John Ryan, his special favorite, who not long afterwards received his daughter Lady Jean Stewart in marriage, and was advanced to be a lord of parliament, by the title of Lord Glamis. The castle, since its original construction, has been greatly enlarged and improved.

Glamis being the scene of the good Duncan's tragical death, gives an interest to the place it would not otherwise possess. From some historical records, it appears to have been once in the possession of the famous Macbeth, and Shakespear tells us,

"By Sinel's * death I know I'm Thane of Glamis."

But Shakespear, in his play of Macbeth,

* Macbeth's father.

differs from traditionary facts, and lays the scene at Inverness. Within a few yards of the manse of Glamis an obelisk of rude design is to be seen, erected, as is generally supposed, to the memory of Malcolm, the Second, King of Scotland, who was murdered in 1034. The perpetrators of this horrid deed fled with precipitation eastward. It was then night, and the fields were covered with snow. By mistake they took their way across the lake of Forfar, where they perished.

This monument the Rev. Mr. L——, of Glamis, shewed me; it stands in his garden. On one side of it there are the figures of two men, who, by their attitude, seem to be forming the bloody conspiracy. A lion and a centaur, on the upper part, represent the shocking barbarity of the crime. On the reverse, two kinds of fish are engraven as a symbolical representation of the lake in which the assassins were drowned.

I was shewn the chamber in the castle, in which Duncan was said to have been

murdered : it is situated in the south wing ; and is small, antique, and gloomy ; the bed is preserved, but removed to the upper story.

The apartments are consistent with the ancient and heavy splendor of the castle ; particularly the great hall, which is furnished with the clumsy grandeur of former times. The walls are hung with many fine old portraits : the following are the most conspicuous :

The centre piece is Earl Patrick and his family, who lived at Glamis in 1683. The castle is represented in the back ground, with the three gates (since taken down), leading to the park.

There is a good portrait of the Honorable Mr. Lyon, brother to the Earl of Strathmore, who was barbarously murdered in the East Indies, with about twenty British officers, when invited to an entertainment of one of the native princes. There is one of the Countess of Chesterfield, a celebrated beauty and great coquette in the court of Charles

the Second. The expression of the countenance, with all its loveliness, bespeaks the levity of her mind.

The dark expressive features of Lord Lauderdale pourtray the tyrannic cruelty for which he was famed. It is painted by Sir Peter Lely.

The other portraits are Charles the Second, James the Second, Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Dundee, Queen Mary of Medina, the Pretender's Mother, Queen Mary, wife of King William, Charles the First, the great Duke of Ormond, and several Earls and Countesses of Strathmore. Of the painters of these portraits I could obtain no information.

The chapel is a most ancient and singular looking place. Over the altar is a crucified Saviour, painted on wood, with this inscription beneath :

JESUS, SON OF GOD,
Redeemed the world.

On each side this painting are St. John and St. Peter. These also had inscrip-

tions, signifying the manner of their death. That on St. Peter is :

“ He was crucified at Rome, with his head downwards, and buried in the Vatican theré.”

The rest of the apostles, in the same style, are placed round the chapel.

Our Saviour lying in the manger is over the door, and on the ceiling, in small compartments, are represented the various miracles he performed.

The whole of these designs and paintings were executed by a Lady in 1688, and are finely done. There is an extraordinary hieroglyphic above the altarpiece, expressive of the Holy Trinity, which I understood very few persons had been able to explain.

Every chamber in Glamis is hung with tartan furniture, intended to characterize the different clans. When the Pretender slept here, eighty beds were made, besides others for the inferior servants.

In this castle there is a secret apart-

ment, which, it is said, will contain twelve persons, and which is only known to the present Lord Strathmore and his steward.

In a field, adjacent to Mr. Lyon's garden, there is a stone, on which are delineated a variety of characters similar to those mentioned on the stone erected to Malcolm, and intended, as is supposed, to express the same facts. And at the distance of one mile from Glamis, near a place called Cossans, there is an obelisk, not less curious than either of the two preceding monuments. It is vulgarly called St. Orland's Stone. No probable conjecture has been formed, relative to the facts designed to be perpetuated by it. On one side is a cross; on the other, four men on horseback appear to be making the utmost dispatch. One horse is trampling under foot a wild boar, and on the lower part of the stone, there is the figure of an animal somewhat like a dragon. It is thought that these figures represent officers of justice in

pursuit of Malcolm's murderers ; but this opinion is not supported by any very ancient record. It seems to rest solely upon the arbitrary interpretation of the symbols themselves.

There is a fortification on the top of a hill, in the parish two miles south-west from Glammis, known by the name of Denoon Castle. It seems probable that it was originally designed for a place of retreat in times of danger. It is encompassed by a wall, supposed to have been twenty-seven feet high, and thirty broad. There are two entries on the south-east, and another on the north-west. The whole circumference is about three hundred and forty yards ; and although this wall is much defaced, and almost covered with grass, yet there are evident traces of buildings in the intermediate space, and there might have been a fountain on the top, as has been mentioned.

LETTER XLIII.

Kinnettles, September 17.

THE town of Forfar is situated a few miles from Kinnettles. It was once a place of some note, but many of the means of illustrating the antiquities connected with it are lost, by the same causes which have involved the early history of all countries and places in obscurity. The names of places recal every where the recollection of departed royalty. The residences of majesty, a place of strength, and the *quondam* refuge of the defenceless, has long since vanished. The site, with some fragments of the rubbish, are still to be seen, as well as the vestiges of the moat which surrounded it. A figure of the castle forms the crest or seal of the burgh, with

a motto lately circumscribed—*ars fuit, res prosperæ manent.*

In the steeple is preserved an iron chain, and a sort of bridle, and which, tradition says, the witches, about the middle of the century before last, were led to execution and fastened to the stake. Upwards of sixty of the trials of these unhappy creatures were, not long ago, in preservation among the records of the burgh. Many of them have been lent and lost; a few only remain.

In the records of the parish of Cortachy, in this presbytery, there is a curious entry, in nearly the following words : —“ No sermons at Cortachy this day, “ the minister being at Clova, at the “ trial or execution of a witch.”

In a moor in this parish, about a mile from the town, there are the vestiges of a camp, which its form indicates to have been Roman: near it also, is a small tumulus, which the people call Elphus-ton Hill, or Hillock; as it is supposed to have been in this moor that king Al-

pin fell in conflict with Teredith, the Pictish usurper. It is conjectured that Elphuston is a corruption of Alpin, and that this knoll may be the grave of the unfortunate Scotch monarch; and if so, it is a spot the moralist must view with interest.

A little from the east, stand the ruins of the church and priory of Restenot.

The parish of that name had been united to Forfar at a period unknown, but probably about the time of the Reformation. The priory was a branch of the monastery of Jedburgh, when probably its chartulary and valuable effects were secured from the depredations of the borderers. Before the use of arms it must have been a place of considerable strength, as it was surrounded by the waters of the lake of that name, which the proprietor, Mr. Dempster, some years ago, drained for the peat and marle which its bed afforded, of immense value.

The spire, the masonry of which bespeaks great antiquity, and a part of the

walls of the church, of Gothic character, are tolerably entire. The walls have received some repairs; and the area which they inclose, and which was formerly a common place of burial, is now the appropriate dormitory of the families of Dunichen and Burnside.

The monument of Aberlemni is by immemorial tradition, commemorative of the signal defeat of the Danes by Malcolm II. who was murdered in the castle of Glamis.

The invaders, who made a descent at Luman Bay, were first defeated at Red Castle. In their flight towards Morayshire, they were overtaken at Aberlemni, where they received a signal overthrow; and the remnant of them that reached the ships and sailed round the coast of Moray Frith, having made a plundering incursion into that part of the country, were surrounded by the *posse comitatus* of the Prince, and were cut to pieces on the sands of Gomrie, where their bones, sometimes of an im-

mense size, are to this day thrown up by the violence of the waves ; and some of their skulls were at one time built into the gable of the parish church, which stands upon the brink of a rock, commanding a view of the scene of action.

Red Castle stands on a high cliff on the south side of the Bay of Lunan. It was once the residence of William the Lion, by whom it is said to have been built. Its remaining fragments carry the appearance of antiquity.

In the mountainous part of Angus-shire there is a singular disease, called the *leaping ague*, resembling St. Vitus's dance. I heard of it during my stay in the neighbourhood of Forfar ; but understand it is not peculiar to that place, although sometimes the inhabitants have been afflicted with it. The disease has for many ages been known by the name of St. Vitus's dance ; but it is only within these forty or fifty years it has attracted particular notice in some parts of Angus-shire. About forty

years ago it was remarkably prevalent in Brechin and its neighbourhood. It does not appear to have any thing in common with an ague, except that it is intermitting. The patient is never strongly affected. He is conscious of the approach of the fit, and under it suffers a temporary suspension of fear or sense of danger ; or attention to any thing except the strange gamboling operation to which he is, perhaps, after all, only instinctively impelled. He generally discovers a strong inclination to run, and to climb into situations at other times impracticable, or capable of exciting terror, but which at those times he performs with apparent ease and pleasure ; and to interrupt him in it, which the terrified spectator, ignorant of the nature of the complaint, is always ready to do, is said to have very distressing effects. Sometimes the ease and regularity with which the patient, in a series of fits, goes through certain evolutions, is truly amazing. I am told the person afflicted

will scramble up the side of a wall with the rapidity of a cat, and leap over tables and chairs in the most surprising manner. Young people are more subject to the disease than old ; and the delicate more than the robust.

Though it is often tedious of cure, it is not known to have proved fatal. Stimulating medicine, and a mode of treatment to strengthen the system, are the most approved means of relief; but it often goes off without medical aid.

The rural village of Meigle is replete with antiquities. In the church-yard are two large carved upright stones, with some very curious hieroglyphics carved upon them.*

* " In the upper part of one front are dogs and horsemen; below are represented four wild beasts resembling lions devouring a human figure. The country people call all of them Queen Varona's grave-stones, and relate that she was the wife of King Arthur. The traditions of this part are not very favourable to her memory. The peasants assert, that after the defeat of her lover, she was impri-

They are so close by the road-side, no traveller of observation can pass without noticing them.

I understand that Professor Playfair, of St. Andrew's, has entered into a minute and detailed explanation of these singular pieces of sculpture. The vulgar tradition of this sepulchral monument is, that Varona, also called Wanor, and

soned on, the hill of Barra, opposite to this place, and that she died there, and was interred in the parish of Meikle. Others again say, that she was torn to pieces by wild beasts, to which this sculpture alludes. It is reported that her grave was surrounded by three stones, in form of a triangle, mortised into one another. Some of them have holes and grooves for that purpose, but are now disjoined and removed to different places.

The stones are very curious; on one is engraved a chariot with a driver, and two persons on it; behind is a monster resembling a *hippopotamus* devouring a prostrate human figure. On another stone is the representation of an elephant, or at least an animal with a long proboscis. Whence could an artist of a barbarous age acquire these ideas of centaurs, or of animals proper to the torrid zone?"

PENNANT.

Guinevar, the British Helena, was the wife of King Arthur, who flourished in the sixth century. In a battle between the army of that monarch and the united forces of the Scots and Picts, Varona was taken prisoner, and carried with other spoils to Barry Hill, where she lived some time in miserable captivity. The character of that unfortunate personage is drawn in the darkest colours. She is represented as having held an unlawful correspondence with Morbid the Pictish king, which provoked the jealousy of her husband, and excited him to take up arms to avenge the injury he had sustained. As a punishment for her enormous crimes, it is related, she was torn in pieces by wild beasts, and her body was buried at Meigle, where a monument was erected to perpetuate her infamy.

LETTER XLIV.



Stirling, September 18.

No scenery can be viewed in a more favorable point than entering Perth from the north. Those pastoral landscapes, which, on coming from the Highlands, were regarded as insignificant, a second visit presented many beauties before entirely overlooked. The green meads sloping to the river, with the silvery beams of the moon playing on the Tay, and giving a solemn grandeur to the woods, the hills, and the town, tended, when seen from the noble bridge, to set off every object to the greatest advantage ; and this town is justly admired for the rural beauty of its situation.

The stages, travelling from Perth to Stirling, improved every mile in cultivation ; but there is, as I before remark-

ed, a singularity in the disposition of the scenery here, which a painter would choose, were he disposed to form an enchanting landscape; in every varied part it is so picturesque and lovely.

This morning I walked to one of the highest points, called Abbey Craig. I am in doubt whether there is not from its top a more commanding and extensive view, than the one presented from Stirling Castle. It embraces the same objects, with the additional and prominent one of the town, sloping on the side of the steep eminence where the castle is placed. The Frith of Forth, like a watery labyrinth, spreads through the valley, in which lies the small port of Alloa, and above it is seen the ancient turrets of Clackmannan Tower, peeping from amidst its dark and gloomy woods. In perspective are the stupendous range of mountains, with the gigantic heights of Benlomond and Benledi bounding the scene.

Clackmannan Tower has been spoken

of by more than one tourist, not only from its being the property and residence of a venerable old Lady, whose husband was lineally descended from Robert Bruce, but from containing the sword and helmet worn by him at the battle of Bannockburn.

This old Lady I well remember. She was a near relation of my father's, and in the days of my youth I spent three weeks in this romantic old castle. Lady Clackmannan, to the day of her death, with much national pride and becoming dignity, used to shew the sword and helmet of her illustrious ancestor to all strangers who resorted to the castle. She was a very surprising old Lady; but I shall enter into no account or panegyric of her, than what is given by a Scotch author.* Burns the poet, in his Letters, speaks of her with admiration.

* "Catherine Bruce was widow of Henry Bruce, the last laird of Clackmannan. This estate remained in the family of Bruce, in the direct line, from the days of David the Second. In the old tower, which

Abbey Craig is rendered conspicuous in history, from being the spot where Wallace stood with such undaunted bravery, previous to the awful battle of Stirling, which was followed by so dreadful a fate to the English, who were commanded by

still remains, were kept, in the possession of the above-mentioned Lady, a two-handed sword of large size, and an helmet, worn by Robert Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn; both of which are now in the possession of the Earl of Elgin. In Catherine Bruce, who reached her ninety-fifth year, and died in November 1790, the direct line became extinct. She was one of those rare characters, which at times appear on earth, as the ornament of their nature. To all the high sentiments of a dignified and enlightened mind, she added those amiable virtues of the heart, which render their influence irresistible. As long as she lived; therefore, the Tower of Clackmannan was frequented by her numerous friends and acquaintance, of various ranks and of all ages; for her extreme weight of years had made not the least impression upon that happy vivacity and cheerfulness of temper, which had always made her company so much the admiration of her friends. She was formed to support to the last, with undiminished dignity, the race from which she sprung."

the Earl of Surrey. Wallace impeded the approach of his formidable phalanx and their retreat, by sawing the post of the bridge, then of wood; which, when the enemy were upon it, gave way, and they were precipitated into the roaring waters of Forth, which overwhelmed them.

De Warenne, Governor of Stirling Castle, surrendered it to Wallace.

The bridge over this memorable spot is now built of stone; but in every tradition of Sir William Wallace, this one is told with proud exultation.

Scrambling up the rocky heights of Abbey Craig (it was Sunday), I perceived a few straggling sheep; and lying carelessly by the side of them, a shepherd-boy, with a book, which he was attentively perusing. In reading the Rev. Mr. Grahame's beautiful Poem, "The Sabbath," I admired the interesting description of such a scene; but in admiring the lines, believed it a fine poetical fiction. This, however, is not the

case ; for on going up to the child (who was not more than seven years of age), I found the volume he was reading to be a collection of hymns.

Mr. Graham's Poem on the Sabbath runs thus :

" O Scotland ! much I love thy tranquil dales,
But most on sabbath eve, when low the sun
Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
Wand'ring and stopping oft to hear the song
Of kindred praise from humble roofs.

Nor yet less pleasing, at the heavenly throne,
The sabbath service of the shepherd boy.
In some lone glen, where every sound is hush
To slumber, save the tinkling rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretch'd on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son,
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps. The volume clos'd,
With thyme sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conn'd.
With mickle care beneath the lowly roof
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the sabbath holy keeps.

The reason why the lower class of the Scotch are better educated than the

English, arises from the excellent establishment of parish schools, which are instituted by act of parliament. The schoolmasters are appointed by the heritors of every different parish, who pay them a salary of three or four hundred marks a year (a mark is one shilling and a penny English) including a house and garden. The emoluments arising to the master from these schools are from fifty to eighty pounds, which arise from what are called the school fees, that is, from twenty-five shillings to six and twenty a year, which includes reading, writing, arithmetic, and Latin. Those parents who are too poor to pay this low sum for their children's education, have them instructed gratis, by the recommendation of the heritors.*

These schools are annually visited by the ministers of the presbytery, who examine the scholars, and certify that pro-

* Mr. Whitbread's plan for the education of the poor was considerably different from that practised in Scotland.

per attention is paid to their education.

In Scotland, except in Edinburgh and Glasgow, there are no poor rates. The poor are supported by a collection made every Sunday from the parishioners at the church-door. The ministers and elders inquire into their necessitous situation, and according to their wants distribute the money.

The elders are men of the first respectability in the country, whose office it is to attend to the situation of the poor, and to assist at the administration of the sacrament. They have a vote equal to the minister in any case laid before them, and officiate in the same capacity as our churchwardens in England.

In Stirling there stands an hospital, which was erected by Mr. John Cowan, writer, for the reception of twelve decayed Guild brethren. They were to dwell in the house erected for them, where every accommodation for their peace and comfort was provided by the

deed of mortification. During the lapse of eighty-one years, only one man could be found who would accept of this charity. A striking instance either of the independence, or the comfortable easy circumstances of that class of men, for whom the charity was intended.

All that remains of the ancient abbey of Cambuskenneth is the heavy tower and antique gateway. It is situated on the borders of the Forth, and was founded by David the First of Scotland, in 1147, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. James the Third and his Queen are said to be buried here. When Stirling was the residence of the Scottish court, the abbots of Cambuskenneth were generally intrusted with important transactions in affairs of state. The stones of Cambuskenneth were taken during the period of Lord Moira's government, to build a stately palace adjoining to Stirling Castle ; but it was considered so sacrilegious an act that the palace was

never finished, and it is said he never enjoyed prosperity afterwards.

The church is a venerable structure. The east part of it, called the aisle, was built by Cardinal Beaton. The west church is supposed to have been built by David Bruce.

From the broad terrace which goes round the castle, is seen a spot called the King's Park, where the court used to divert themselves with hunting the deer. At the east end of the park were the royal gardens; a round mound is still discernible, called the King's Knot, where, according to tradition, were held *fetes champetres*. Around the gardens was a canal, which the family went upon in pleasure boats:

“On Lady's hill
Strewina's craigs and valley ring;”

which is a rocky mount, of a pyramidical shape, called the *Ladies Hill*; upon which the ladies used to take their sta-

tion, to witness the tilts and tournaments in the valley.

I observed the arch on the entrance to the castle has the date 1658, the year that Cromwell took it; and which arch Fitz James entered after the tournament, when Douglas discovered himself, as described in the *Lady of the Lake*;

"Then, right hand wheel'd their steeds, and strait
They won the castle's postern gate."

The postern approach into the castle from the Nether Bailly, is through a winding archway, on the right of which is a casement, supposed to be the old guard room where Ellen was brought to.

In going through the lower court of the castle, to the gate which leads south, I passed by close to it, on the left, a fine casement, twenty feet square; with eighteen stone steps leading into the place, supposed to be the dungeon where Roderic Due was confined.

" 'Twas a prison room,
Of stern security and gloom,

Yet not a dungeon, for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way ;
And rude and antique garniture
Deck'd the sad walls, and oaken floor ;
Such as the rugged days of old
Deem'd fit for captive nobles bold."

Near this dungeon and under the gate is another fine casement. In these dreary abodes state prisoners were confined in days of old.

Dr. Moore, father to the late General Sir John Moore, author of *View of Society and Manners in France and Italy, Zeluco, &c.* was a native of Stirling. Dr. Henry, who wrote the *History of Great Britain*, was also born here.

LETTER XLV.



Milton House, Edinburgh, September 20.

THE whole way from Stirling to Edinburgh is travelling through a smiling and lovely country, abounding with interesting objects from the share they bore in ancient history. Once more crossing the field of Bannockburn, I proceeded to Falkirk. It is a large ill-built town. The tomb of the brave Grahame, the friend of Wallace, who fell at the battle of Falkirk, is to be seen, with its appropriate inscription, in the church-yard. This contest between the Scots and English, is called "the battle of Falkirk."—It was fought between Falkirk and Caron Works, at a place which, to this day, goes by the name of *Graham's Moor*.

Only a few weeks since, on the 3d of August, a stone column thirteen feet

high, containing a suitable inscription, was erected on the top of Redding-rig-Moor, to the memory of Sir William Wallace, who is described, as the *illustrious Scottish patriot*. A concourse of people assembled on the occasion, carrying Scotch thistles in their hands, and accompanied by a drum and a pair of Highland bagpipes, and proceeded to the place where the stone was to be erected. After its erection the company formed a circle round it, and drank to the memory of the departed hero with the most enthusiastic rapture. The festivity of the day was concluded by dancing a variety of Scotch reels.

At Linlithgow are the magnificent ruins of the once noble palace which now exhibits a mournful specimen of the former scenes of its regal splendor, all long since faded away; and its deserted courts, galleries and apartments, bespeak the devastation which time has made upon them. The apartment is shewn where the royal Mary was born, whose

sun of happiness was set in the brightest days of her youth and beauty. Also the aisle where, according to tradition, James IV. during the time of mass, was visited by a singular clad spectre, which is thus described in *Marmion* :

“ Stepped from the crowd a ghastly wight,
In azure gown, with cincture white ;
His forehead bald, his head was bare,
Down hung at length his yellow hair :
He stept before the monarch’s chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,
And little reverence made ;
Nor head, nor body, bowed nor bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant,
And words like this he said,
In a low voice—but never tone,
So thrill’d through vein, and nerve and bone—
“ My mother sent me from afar,
“ Sir King, to warn thee not to war—
“ Woe waits on thine array ! ” ”

Whether this spectre was real, or the effect of the superstition which tintured the character of James, whose perturbed imagination might conjure up such an appearance, it is impossible to say, but

the event of the battle proved fatal, for he was killed on Flodden field.

The palace of Linlithgow was supposed to have been built on the site of a Roman station. By some antiquaries it is considered to be the *Lindum* of Ptolemy, and that the Romans had a military station adjoining to it.

Several houses in the town belonged to knights of Jerusalem. The celebrated wall of Antoninus terminates the district. Henry, the historian, often resided here, and bequeathed his books to the magistrates and town council.

Within a few miles of Edinburgh, the face of the country indicated the approach to an elegant city; and advancing through its streets, so noble, spacious, regular, and grand, my admiration was such as make me unwillingly acknowledge it claimed a great superiority over London in magnificence and beauty. The castle justly answers the description of

the poet Burns, and seated on a bold elevation, its

—————“ Rough rude fortress gleams afar,
Like some bold vet’ran gray in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar,
The pond’rous walls and massy bar,
Grim-rising o’er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell’d th’ invader’s shock.”

Dr. Johnson observes : “ To write of the cities of our own island with the solemnity of a geographical description, as if we had been cast on a newly discovered coast, has the appearance of a very frivolous ostentation.” To write of Edinburgh, after so many admirable descriptions and accounts which have been given, would now be superfluous, and afford little novelty to the most of readers ; I shall therefore merely make a few observations on the pictures in Holyrood House, and a few general remarks on the surrounding scenery.

The views from the top of Calton hill, and the Castle, are the most extensive

and commanding. To be perched on the summit of a huge mountain, on the confines of so grand a city, and look down upon it, created a momentary surprise; but the surprise is mixed with admiration. On one side are presented the elegant streets of the new town, finely contrasted by the high, antique, and smoaky buildings of the old town; the towering summits of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury crags, the Gothic splendor of Holyrood House, and the venerable castle. When turning to a different point, the blue waters of the Frith of Forth are seen dividing the coast of Leith, from the rising hills of Fifeshire, and thence extending into a sea, towards the isle of May and Dunbar.

Holyrood House, even since the days of Mary, when it was rendered memorable, has afforded an asylum to royalty; and the last who found refuge within its walls were the Bourbon family. The apartments which they occupied are viewed with no little interest.

The reflection is pleasing, that by the happy freedom of an English constitution, the daughter of the persecuted and unfortunate Queen of France here found an asylum, where she could rest in peace and security.

The paintings in this palace are not accounted valuable; some of the portraits, however, are admired by persons of taste; and though it is no longer possible to compare them with the originals, still there exists a strong presumption in favour of their resemblance; I mean the character with which they are impressed. Many of these pictures are not only marked with strong traces of individual character, but of that very character which history ascribes to their prototypes. In that of Cardinal Beaton, the assumed sanctity of countenance and habit, but ill disguises the shrewd politician and haughty churchman. In the stern countenance of the rude Reformer Knox is seen that powerful and determined expression which reminds you of the Re-

gent of Boston's laconic testimony to his undaunted character, who, on seeing his remains, exclaimed—" *There lies he who never feared the force of man.*" The spectator is surprized to see him in this deserted seat of royalty, frowning on the shadows of those whom neither the graces of youth and beauty, nor the united splendor of rank and talents, could protect from the barbarous vehemence of his rebukes when living. One thinks of his boast of making the young Queen weep, and of Haggard Lindsay's iron eye—

"That saw fair Mary weep in vain."

Another inauspicious figure seems not in its place in this apartment: it is that of her more estimable but less amiable rival Elizabeth. What Melville said, when urged with all the vehemence of jealous vanity, to declare to Elizabeth, whether she or her admired competitor excelled in beauty, is strongly recalled to mind here—"Each queen is the fairest in her own country."

When we meet with a picture of Elizabeth in England we think of her wisdom, her fortitude, and her public spirit. We think, in short, of the great Queen who was a blessing to her country, and a protector of the injured and oppressed in every other. When we meet her in Holyrood House, we think of nothing but her unfeminine harshness, mean jealousy, cunning and cruelty. In the room where the successive Dukes of Hamilton are to be seen, is also a picture of Philip II. deemed a good one, and certainly strongly expressive of the character assigned him, of hard and inflexible, mean and suspicious; the jealous tyrant of his own family, and the merciless oppressor of his subjects, seem obviously visible in his dark contracted countenance. His very hand has expression, and appears to grasp the iron rod of power, or gripe the sordid spoils of avarice.

The pictures of the Hamilton family are particularly interesting. There are

two of the dukes, who were executed in England during the great rebellion, very good portraits, rendered interesting by the loyalty and sufferings of the hard-fated originals. Among the portraits of three successive dukes of that noble family, all bearing a kindred likeness to each other, that of the first Duke of Chateaufort is distinguished by a foreign *costume*, very becoming, and an air singularly noble and graceful.

The portrait of the duchess Anne, indicates all the haughtiness and violence which Swift ascribes to her. Her husband, Douglas, who took the family name, and was killed in the famous duel with Lord Mahon, is also there; and with the complexion of the "black Douglas," has a physiognomy so entirely different from the rest, that one may discover the introduction of a new chief into that distinguished family.

In the same room is a most interesting picture of James V.; that able but unfortunate prince so lately celebrated as

the Knight of Snowdon. It represents him as a boy of twelve or fourteen, in a princely habit, with a fine or touching expression of countenance. His hands clasped together as in supplication. One is forcibly reminded of the sorrows of his childhood, when contending factions tore him from each other to sanction their outrages, and when he wept and pled in vain for his devoted favourites. In the same gallery is recognized the same countenance strengthened by time into the aspect of princely dignity and manly daring, not without a shade of indignant pride wounded by constant exasperation.

The portraits of the Stuarts, from the original Stuart of Bute, who was the husband of Margery Bruce, down to James I. of England, have all a strong family likeness. The pictures are all originals, or copies of originals, but they have been much injured in the cleaning; yet, under all these disadvantages, the family resemblance is obvious through the line.

the spirit and elegance that mark every feature and countenance with a character at once chivalrous and princely, cannot be overlooked. Here is no round unthinking face, no visage of fat contented ignorance. It is necessary perhaps, to be told that they are princes, but need no information as to their being gentlemen.

Of Mary, who added the distinguished beauty of the graces to the spirit and intelligence of the Stuarts, heightened by graces all her own, there is no tolerable likeness here. In her awkward and ungainly son no traces are seen of the strong marked countenance of the family. It is wonderful to find it re-appear in her grandson Charles, who, amidst the chastened melancholy of his fine countenance, retains strong traces of the Stuart physiognomy.

There is in the Hamilton apartment, a very fine picture of him and his beautiful young queen, going to hunt, surrounded by horses, hounds, and attend-

ants, all executed in good taste and with great spirit.

It is curious to trace in the dark saturnine countenance of Charles II. a close resemblance of the fine features of his mother Henrietta Maria.

The reflection is true, though trite, on the perils that surround an exalted station, and came forcibly to my mind as we passed from the dwelling of the unfortunate though accomplished monarchs of the Stuart line, to those that were assigned to the fallen princes of the house of Bourbon.

I paused for some time to contemplate the interesting and beautiful countenance of Madam Elizabeth, whose portrait, with the Duchess d'Angoulême's, is in one of the apartments. There is a heavenly expression of composure in Madam Elizabeth, which it seems as if no calamity could subdue, no misfortune could alter.

The picture of the daughter of Maria Antoniette has a strong shade of that

pensiveness in it, which, under the heavy pressure of such afflictions, no doubt, marked her character. It is impossible to look at it without being reminded of her accumulated sufferings and woes, notwithstanding the piety and resignation depicted in it.

The portrait of Madam was brought from the gallery at Versailles during the last short peace. It is considered an admirable likeness.

LETTER XLVI.

Milton House, September 24.

MILTON HOUSE, now possessed by the relations whom I am visiting, was the place where all the politics of Scotland were settled during the time the Duke of Argyle had the management of it. The proprietor, Lord Milton, a Lord of Session, being intrusted by the Duke with the active management of these concerns.

This stately old mansion is very near Holyrood House ; it is walled in, and situated in an extensive pleasure ground ; no inconvenience attends its close proximity to the old town. The view presented of the towering heights of Salisbury craigs from the drawing-room window, always excites my admiration, so different

from any thing of the sort I ever before beheld; contiguous to so large a city.

There has just been discovered a singular natural curiosity, on the side of the Calton hill, produced by raising stones from the quarries for the purpose of building. It is a striking likeness in profile of the late Lord Nelson. To catch the resemblance, the pedestrian must turn to the west side of the Calton hill, when this extraordinary portrait is presented. Every person capable of judging pronounces it to be an exact resemblance of this departed hero. I understand there is to be a seat erected at the end of the lane for the accommodation of travellers, as well as to point out the place where they are to turn round and look at the profile.

There has also been discovered a fine statue in bronze, found in the city repository, where it has lain near fifty years in a box, without any address. Several people think it is intended for the King; but the gentleman at whose house I am

staying, says it resembles more an unfortunate Prince of his family and name, and bears a striking likeness to a print he has of him. He justly observes, had it been intended for his Majesty, it would have been known at the time. More statues of the same kind would have been cast from the mould; and an address would have been put upon the case it was packed in. A letter would have been written by post, advising to whom it was sent. The freight would have been demanded from the party it was addressed to, else it would have been sold to pay the freight. None of these things were done; it having been placed on its arrival in an obscure corner, in one of the city warehouses, may be accounted for by the circumstance of the attachment of many people here at the time, particularly the chief magistrate to the family of Stuart, not Stuart or Stewart, as will be seen by examining the title of the warrant for executing Charles the First, that his name was written Stuart. The Col-

poration seem to be of opinion, that the statue was intended for the Pretender, and suffer it to remain in a corner of the old church aisle, without any intention of placing it in some conspicuous part of the town, which would have been done, had they conceived it was intended for the King.

On the top of the Calton hill, a lofty column is erected to the memory of Lord Nelson. There is also on the hill, a monument to Hume the historian.

This morning my friends took me to the Castle and Heriot's Hospital. The former, on a near approach, disappointed me; it gives little idea of the regal magnificence of ancient times; and the barracks take from its stately appearance. The small dismal apartment, where James the Sixth of Scotland was born, seems but ill suited to have been the nursery of royalty.

When I contemplate the various gloomy places, in which his unhappy mother was immured, and how patient a sufferer she

became, only the sincerest pity mingles with the remembrance of those frailties which led to all her sorrows.

The Scotch have very different opinions with regard to the degrees of guilt to be imputed to her ; yet the general remembrance of her in her own country is blended with compassion and admiration.

Heriot's Hospital was founded in 1628, by George Heriot, a working jeweller in Edinburgh ; he was afterwards jeweller and goldsmith to James the Sixth. It was built according to the design of Inigo Jones, and cost thirty thousand pounds. A hundred and thirty boys, the sons of burgesses of the city of Edinburgh, are here taken care of. The chapel, annexed to this hospital, is the only place of worship in Scotland, where I have seen taste and beauty in the decoration.

The neighbourhood of Edinburgh, from its contiguity to the sea, affords many desirable bathing retreats to the inhabitants. Musselburgh is a large

populous place, situated close to the ocean, and stretched along its shores at short distances, are Portobello and Preston Pans. The former is the most frequented by persons of fashion; I suppose, owing to the convenience afforded of warm and cold baths. But the place I most admire, for a sea view, is a small summer retreat, where I spent a day, adjacent to the little fishing place of Newhaven. A magnificent view of the sea here presents itself, with a diversity of objects rarely met with in such sea prospects. The islands emerging from its bosom are Inchkeith * and Inch-

* An island of about a mile in length. It is said to derive its name from the gallant Keith, who so greatly signalized himself by his valour in 1010, in the battle of Barry, in Angus, against the Danes; after which he received in reward the barony of Keith, in Lothian, and this little isle. This seems to be the place that *Bede* calls *Cuerguidi*, there being no other that will suit the situation, he gives it in the middle of the Forth. His translator renders *Cær* by the word 'City'; but it should be rendered a fort

colm,* Muickia, where are the ruins of a convent; Bass, and Cramond Isle. Beyond these islands rise the hills of Fifeshire, whose summits blend with the horizon; and the innumerable vessels lying at anchor, with the fitting sails of
 or post, which will give probability to Bede's account.

* A small island at a little distance from the shore, celebrated for the monastery founded about 1123, by Alexander the First, on this singular occasion. In passing the Frith of Forth, he was overtaken with a violent storm, which drove him on this island, where he met with the most hospitable reception from a poor hermit, then residing here, in the chapel of St. Columb; who, for three days that the King continued there, tempest bound, entertained him with the milk of his cow and a few shell fish. His Majesty, for the sense of the danger escaped, and in gratitude to the Saint, to whom he attributed his safety, vowed some token of respect; and accordingly founded here the monastery of Augustines, and dedicated it to St. Columba, Allen de Mortimer, Lord of Aberdour, who attended Edward the Third, in his Scotch expedition, bestowed half of those lands on the monks of this island, for the privilege of a family burial-place in this church.—PENNANT.

those moving to a distance, cover this world of waters.

Edinburgh, like London, at this season of the year is divested of its usual inhabitants ; and, therefore, it is impossible to judge of the society at large. We know, however, that it is the resort of all classes of people. The scholar, the student, the rich, the gay ; and that this seat of learning has produced some of the most eloquent divines, the most skillful physicians, and the ablest lawyers.

In the circles I have had the honor of being introduced to, during my stay in Scotland, I have with pleasure remarked, the conversation is seldom frivolous. The women have more intellectual knowledge, and seldom speak or act without reflection ; hence they are rarely volatile or thoughtless, and their conduct, from not being directed by the impulse of the moment, is generally correct.

I have been so happy as to be introduced to Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Hamilton.

The conversation of Mrs. Grant is full of that native simplicity, original genius, elegant sentiment, and acute observation, which appear in her beautiful "Letters from the mountains."

Mrs. Hamilton seems to be endowed with all the strength of the Scotch character; acute, judicious, philosophical, with a modesty which accompanies a real sound understanding, and much native benevolence.

To Lord Woodhouselee (a gentleman of much learning and elegant taste for literature) and his family, I am indebted for the most flattering and polite attentions. Every family in Scotland, to whom respectable introductions are given, appear to wish to vie with each other in the warm hospitalities they confer upon strangers.

LETTER XLVII.

Rosebank, September 28.

IN revisiting Rosebank after a lapse of years, a place where some of the most pleasant days of my early life were spent, I seem to live them over again; notwithstanding the mournful vicissitudes which have occurred here in the deprivation of those close and tender ties which constitute the happiness of domestic life, and which even the best are ordained to experience.

This morning I have wandered amidst this enchanting scenery with the same enthusiastic admiration which often tinctures the impressions made on youthful imaginations: but even after all that I have beheld in the extensive excursion I have made, I find a romantic beauty belonging to this scenery, although in a circum-

scribed scale, combining the lovely and the grand in a degree and manner perfectly unique.

Rosebank, situated amidst the deep woods and rocks of Roslin, is sweetly sequestered in the vale. Every object in every varied shape, here forms the picturesque. The old chapel, of venerable and Gothic architecture, with its small antique spires and high-arched windows, stands proudly on a rising ground. The ruined fragments of the once stately castle, spreads itself also on an elevation, cloaked by the luxuriant woods which surround it. To describe the romantic glen which stretches thence for some miles, formed of precipitous rocks, crowned with trees, whose deep shades overhang the babbling Esk, is only to return to the former description of Cartland craigs. But here the autumnal hue of the trees adds a mellow and glowing richness to the scenery. No sounds were to be heard except those in unison with the spot, such as the melancholy plaint

of the stock-dove, and the more cheerful note of the robin red-breast, sad harbinger of winter, with the murmuring of the stream at our feet. My youthful companions entered into the charms of all around with equal delight as myself. I have observed that taste is generally influenced by a passion for town gaiety or rural beauties, according to that of parents, and those scenes we have been habituated to live amongst.

A stranger might spend days in this neighbourhood, and continually discover some new charm. This morning has been devoted to viewing the curious caverns of Hawthornden, the seat not only of the poet, but the refuge of the brave Alexander Ramsay, who resided in them a considerable time, in 1841, and thence made his excursions to the English borders.

To reach this singular situation we were obliged to scramble up the perpendicular heights of these wild rocks till we gained the awful summit, but the

tremendous sweep of these woody ravines, with the gurgling water flowing through the center, seemed to deny the possibility of access to the mansion of Hawthornden, perched on the pinnacle of a rock, I am persuaded, three hundred feet above the river.

Some slight remains of the castle are visible in the huge walls, and two distinct stones with cavities in them, cloathed with ivy ; but it is said that Bishop Abernethy took down the castle and built the adjacent village of Hawthornden with the stones thereof. The modern and rude antiquity here combined, has a singular effect. A comfortable dwelling placed in a situation which seems to defy the approach of mortal, surrounded by dismal caverns, formed, we would say, in the days of romance and chivalry, as a confinement for those who dared invade their wild and sequestered territory.

A fine flower-garden is formed round

the house ; and on one of the walls are the following inscriptions :

“ To the memory of Sir Laurence Abernethy, a gallant soldier, who, at the head of a party, in the year 1338, conquered Lord Douglas five times in one day ; yet was taken prisoner before sun-set. Also to the memory of William Drummond, Esq. poet and historian, an honor to his family, and an ornament to his country.”

These lines, from Dr. Young's “ Love of Fame,” are also inscribed :

“ O sacred solitude ! Divine retreat !
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great :
By thy pure streams, or on thy waving shade,
I court fair wisdom, that celestial maid.
There from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
I smile to hear the distant tempest roar ;
Then bless'd, with business unperplex'd,
This life I relish and secure the next.”

The towering heights of huge and broken rocks, with the luxuriant grandeur of woods sloping to the river, were here again seen from the high wall which surrounds the mansion. Descending a flight of steps from a cavity made

in the side of the rock, we entered a square apartment, formed of rude stone, which from the fire-place and recesses for closets, has evidently been a habitable dwelling. A short way beyond this subterraneous abode is a stone seat, formed out of the rock, where Captain Drummond informed me his ancestor used to give himself up to the pleasures of contemplation, and composed his Cypress Grove.

The range of caverns adjoining the garden are the most curious. They extend to a considerable length, and branch out of one another. One, of an oval shape with low arches, I was told, the Pictish King used as a bed-chamber. In the broader part of one of these gloomy recesses is a well some fathoms deep. In the sides of another of the rooms, there are cut rows of square holes, several inches wide, said to have contained his Majesty's library. It is extremely curious to observe in these barbarous ages, though the people were

strangers to the luxuries and conveniences of life, they had ingenuity to substitute rude furniture, contributory to their necessities at least.

There are some good old portraits in the house of Hawthornden. The best are Sir James Drummond, Usher to James VI.; William Drummond, the poet; his son, Ben Johnson; Bishop Abernethy, who married the heiress of Hawthornden; Queen Mary; and Earl Marischal Keith.

Drummond was an historian as well as a poet. He wrote the reigns of the six James's; but his *Cypress Grove*, composed after a dangerous illness, is considered the best of his works. It is a fine piece of prose, "distinguished" (according to the account of it given in his life) "for the sublimity and piety of the thoughts, in which he represents the instability of human affairs, and offers consolation against the fear of death; and gives a view of eternal happiness.

"The beautiful retirement in which he lived," continues the same author,

“ was suited to indulge his love for study and poetical fancy. Yet sometimes his friends withdrew him from his solitude. Ben Johnson walked from London on purpose to visit him, and spent three weeks at Hawthornden.”

The heads of their conversation at that time are published in Drummond's works, one part of which contains the following mournful anecdote of Spencer. He relates, that “ Spencer's goods were robbed by the Irish, and his house and a little child burnt. He and his wife escaped, and afterwards died for want of bread in King-street. He refused twenty pieces sent him by Lord Essex, and said, he was sure he had no time to spend them.”

The character given of Drummond by his biographer is, that he was a man of excellent natural parts and endowments, which he improved by travelling. He was well acquainted with the best Greek and Latin authors, and spoke fluently Italian, Spanish and French. He was a judicious and excellent historian, a

quaint and delicate poet, a master and judge of all polite learning. He was a true and faithful son of the church, and loved his king and his country with the utmost passion. Indeed so strong was his attachment to his king, it is related of him, he was so overwhelmed with grief and anguish at the murder of Charles, as to occasion his own death.

He is interred in the church of Lasswade.

Sir George Mackenzie, his Majesty's Advocate, being in Hawthornden closet, wrote the following elegy on him :

" Here lived that poet, whose immortal name
Was crown'd with laurels and adorned by fame—
Whom every man next to himself did love,
Who durst be loyal, and, what's more, reprove
The vices of that base rebellious age ;
His was a poet's, their's a tyrant's rage.
Each man then, his neighbour wished to be,
And we now grieve, that we did not him see ;
They did his wit, we do his works admire,
And each young spark does kindle at his fire.
Or, which is more, his poems can beget,
On my old muse, though now much past the date."

LETTER XLVIII.
LETTER

Rosebank, September 30.

THE church of Lasswade, to which I accompanied ———, I am induced to mention from its picturesque situation, which, with its town, lies on a rich sloping hill encircled by woods.

Lasswade, or *Lass-wade*, derives its name from the following original circumstance: in former times, before the bridge was built, there was a stout young woman, who took upon herself the office of carrying persons through the water on her back; and people used to call out to her, *Lass-wade*. She received the reward of a halfpenny.

Close to Lasswade are the fine castle, woods and parks of Lord Melville.—Dryden, the property of Sir William

Lockhart of Lee, is likewise a very noble place.

The venerable chapel of Roslin is considered one of the most perfect and magnificent specimens of ancient architecture now remaining. The romantic spot on which this building stands adds considerably to the interest it excites, and corresponds with its original name, *The Chapel amidst the Woods*; for Rosholyn, now Roslin, in Gaelic, signifies a *hill* in a *glen*; and the deep glen is beautified with woods, and the pure Esk flowing at their base.

This sacred structure is built of freestone, of beautiful Gothic, crowned with spiral turrets, twelve in number, forming two tiers. The door by which I entered, the architrave and pilasters, are adorned with sculptured flower-work. There are five arched windows below, and five smaller ones above, with a pillar rising out of each, carved with beautiful foliage. On entering this holy sanctuary, whose high arches and massy columns

range themselves on each side to the number of six, with two central ones towards the altar, the mind partakes of the solemnity it inspires.

The height of this chapel is forty feet, the breadth thirty-four, and the length sixty-eight. The roof of the altar is formed of four double arches, and the seven columns are cut in basso relievo.

The architecture is of different orders, and the flowers and foliage of the capitals are admirably executed.

The principal pillar, called the Apprentice Pillar, is on the left hand near the altar, constructed from a model supposed to have been in Solomon's temple, and brought from Rome. On its base it has several dragons, chained by the head and twisted one within another. This pillar is enveloped with wreaths of the most beautiful flowers and foliage.

The double arches have all scriptural emblematical figures carved on them. One represents Samson taking hold of

the two pillars, and pulling down the house of the Philistines; on another is the resurrection, and multitudes of people rising out of their graves. On the east side of the architrave, which joins the second and third pillars, are the following fine pieces of sculpture: a bishop, cardinal, a cripple leading the blind, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, feeding the hungry, and burying the dead.

At the foot of the fourth pillar is the burial place of the family of Roslin, where ten barons in armour are interred.

On the north corner is the tomb of the Earl of Caithness, bearing date 1680. It is much defaced.

But the most remarkable one is the tomb of Sir William St. Clair, the founder of the chapel. He is sculptured in armour, with a greyhound at his feet. According to the tradition (which is always related by the old woman who shews the chapel), "King Robert Bruce, in following the chase up the Pentland

Hills, had often started a white faunch deer, which had always escaped from his hounds. He asked those who were assembled round him whether any of them had dogs, which they thought might be more successful. No courtier would affirm that his hounds were fleetier than those of the King, until Sir William St. Clair of Roslin unceremoniously said he would wager his head, that his two dogs, Help and Hold, would kill the deer before she could cross the march burn. The King instantly caught at the unwary offer, and betted the forest of Pentland Moor against the life of St. Clair. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped. The hind, however, reached the middle of the brook, upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, Hold stopped her in the brook; and Help, coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The King descended from the hill, embraced, and

bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton and Logan House, &c."

These lines are attributed to the Knight, in his last emergency, when he shouted :

" Help, haud, an' ye may,

" Or Roslin will lose his head to-day."

" It is said, he set his foot on the dog, and killed him on the spot, saying, he would never again put his neck in such risk."*

On the top of the inner wall, in the south-west corner of the chapel, I was shewn three sculptured heads; the apprentice's, the mother of the apprentice, and the master mason, who, it is related, killed his apprentice from envy, by a blow on the head, for having finished the model of the beautiful pillar sent from Rome, by a pattern, while he was absent to inspect the original whence the model had been taken.

* W. Scott's note on Roslin Chapel, in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

William St. Clair, who was the founder of this chapel, held the titles of Prince of Orkney, Duke of Holdenburgh, Earl of Caithness, and Baron Roslin. This chapel was forty years in building, and the workmen, who were brought from Italy, were each allowed a house and grounds, according to their condition, whence the town or village of Roslin arose.

According to tradition, Roslin was then in extent next to Edinburgh and Haddington, and many visitors resorted to the Castle of Roslin, where St. Clair held his court. They were served in vessels of gold and silver. He had his hall and other apartments adorned with embroidered hangings, and he flourished in the reign of James the Second.

His princess, Elizabeth Douglas, was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, fifty-three of whom were noblemen's daughters. They were clothed in velvets and silks, with gold chains and other ornaments; and she was attended by two

hundred gentlemen in all her progresses.

The princely founder died before the chapel was completed, and it was finished by his eldest son, Sir Oliver St. Clair (since corrupted into *Sinclair*) of Roslin.

The castle stands on a peninsulated rock, amidst woody eminences, accessible by a bridge of prodigious height, with the Esk flowing beneath. Its site is beautifully picturesque, and its ruinous condition adds to its venerable grandeur. Who was the founder is not known with any certainty, but William St. Clair lived in it with vast splendor.

In the year 1544, it fell a sacrifice to the rage of the English, under the command of the Earl of Hertford, and surrendered to General Monk. The modern part of it is said to have been rebuilt in 1568.

The village of Roslin, during the summer, is the resort of parties, who come in multitudes from Edinburgh to eat strawberries, with which these banks are covered.

LETTER XLIX.

Belhaven, October 5.

THIS small village is situated about a mile from Dunbar. The view from Mrs. Fordyce's windows presents a wide extent of scene. The ocean spreads in front with the agreeable diversity of a number of seats scattered on the plain. The most conspicuous is Lord Haddington's; and the ruins of Tantallin castle, the seat of rebellion in the reign of James V. It was demolished by the Covenanters in 1639.

In my way to Belhaven I passed through Haddington, a town of an ordinary appearance. The church is a venerable structure, but part of it is in a ruinous condition. This place has several times been destroyed by fire, and

laid waste by the incursions of the English.

In July 1543, a parliament was convened in the Abbey, when consent was obtained for Queen Mary's marriage with the Dauphin of France, and her education to be completed at that court.

The walk from this village to Dunbar, at the foot of the rocks, is extremely grand, with the castle of Dunbar, seated on a stupendous cliff, jutting into the sea, and the Isle of May, with the huge Bass, rearing its dark conical top above the waves which encompass it. This series of rocks are of red granite, and have a savage wildness about them, from their solitary situation, considerably heightened by the yawning caverns which every now and then appear in their huge sides. Beneath the one where the castle stands, there is a dungeon of a most dismal aspect; Pennant compares it to the pit of *Acheron*, and is of opinion that the founders of this castle, taking advantage of the cavity, added a little

art to it, so as to render it a secure prison. There are two natural arches opening into the sea, through which the tide flows, which have a very majestic appearance. The castle in its present state is scattered in such rude detached fragments, as to possess less beauty than interest, in consequence of its often being the theatre of many events recorded in history. It has undergone various sieges; and after being newly fortified in 1338, was again besieged by the Earl of Salisbury; the Earl of March being absent at the time it was defended with much boldness and intrepidity by his wife, who, from the darkness of her complexion, was called *Black Agnes*. Alexander Ramsay, learning its distress, came to its relief, and succeeded in entering the castle at night, when the English commander, foiled in all his efforts, withdrew his forces after a siege of 19 weeks.

Edward II. after his defeat at the battle of Bannockburn sought refuge in Dunbar castle, and went thence by sea

to Berwick in his way to England. It was here also that Queen Mary retired after the death of Rizzio, previous to the battle of Carberry Hill ; where, defeated and abandoned, she was sent a prisoner to Lochleven castle. The castle is of great antiquity, and is mentioned as far back as 858.

The town of Dunbar lies close on the coast, and has an excellent harbour. The situation being much exposed to the bleak north-east winds, is extremely cold. Dunbar is a royal borough, and lies on the great road from London to Edinburgh ; the principal street is spacious and handsome.

The Bass is a most singular looking isolated rock, of a stupendous height, lying in the Frith of Forth, a mile from Dunbar. It has a ruined castle on its top.

The little village of Castleton is famous for the sale of the Solan geese, and kitywakes, a species of the sea-gull. I saw

multitudes of the latter hanging on the cliffs and flying about the shore.*

* "The Solan goose is a species of the eagle. The name of *Solan* is derived from an Irish word, expressive of the quickness of sight. It is known in Cornwall by the name of *Garnet*; is thought to be a bird of passage, first appearing in March, and continuing till September and October." PENNANT.

LETTER L.



Durham, October 12.

THE stage from Belhaven to Berwick is through a bleak open country, with little diversity of objects to amuse the traveller. One romantic spot I passed over, Pease Bridge. It consists of four arches thrown over a vast chasm, whose sides are richly wooded, with a clear rivulet flowing at the bottom. The height of this bridge is tremendous; being one hundred and twenty-three feet perpendicular from the stream to the top of the parapet wall, which is three hundred feet long.

The town of Berwick lies on the banks of the river Tweed; it divides England and Scotland, and the manners and habits of the people are said to be a mixture of both countries.

The castle covers a wide extent of ground, and overlooks the sea. Here again the valorous feats of Wallace recur; he besieged this castle, and took it from the English, in whose possession it was.

Between the small neat town of Belford and Kenrick, I passed to the left Bamborough Castle and Holy Island. This edifice stands on a steep rock, and is washed by the ocean. It is said to have been built by King Ina, and was formerly the residence of the Northumbrian Kings. It is here the shipwrecked mariner finds a safe haven of rest; and it is here the necessitous poor are supplied with food in the time of want. These two humane institutions, formed in this castle, are truly noble.

Nathaniel Crew, Bishop of Durham, purchased the castle and manor, and bequeathed them to charitable purposes. In the year 1757, the trustees for Lord Crew's charities began the repairs of the great tower, and the direction and management was committed to Dr. Sharp,

Archdeacon of Durham, who made a most judicious application of his lordship's bequest. The upper part of the building has been converted into granaries; and in times of scarcity, corn is sold to the indigent at four shillings a bushel.

A constant watch is kept on the top of the tower, whence signals are given to the fishermen at Holy Island, who go out to afford relief to ships in distress. In very tempestuous weather, two men on horseback patrol the coast from sunset to sun-rise; who, in the event of a shipwreck, give immediate notice at the castle. The distressed mariner is received for a week, or even longer, if necessary; and the last offices are decently performed over the unfortunate bodies which are cast ashore.

Holy Island is called by Bede, *Semi Island*, being twice an island, and twice a continent in one day. At the flowing of the tide it is encompassed by water, and at the ebb there is a dry passage for

carriages and horses to pass to and from the main land. At the end of this island is the village inhabited chiefly by fishermen. Near it are the remains of a monastery, which was founded by Oswald, King of Northumberland. It is recorded, that after Ceolwolph, King of Northumbria, in 729, had abdicated his throne, he became a monk in this convent; but not being able to bear their abstemious manner of living, he obtained permission to drink wine and ale; which gave the liberty afterwards to the monks to indulge in these luxuries.

This castle is at the present time garrisoned by a detachment of invalids from Berwick. Ascending the steep hill to Alnwick, the noble castle belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, majestically seated on the top, appears to great advantage, and makes a conspicuous figure with its numerous towers and grotesque Highland figures carved in stone, which are distributed along its

heavy battlements, and give a rude grandeur to its aspect.

Newcastle, which is situated on the river Tyne, is a large ugly looking town. The streets are irregular, and dirty in their appearance; but it is a place of immense trade, in a variety of branches. The river is filled with shipping, and the vessels sail hence to almost every sea port in England and Scotland.

The neighbourhood of Newcastle is surrounded by coal pits, which extend almost as far as Durham. The aspect, however, of the country is possessed of much pastoral beauty, tame as the scenery appears after leaving Scotland.

LETTER LI.



Durham, October 15.

DURHAM, like Dunkeld, is to me very interesting. It was here, after leaving my native place, with my father and mother, the first few years of my life were spent. I have been induced to pass some days therefore in this city, amongst those yet remaining friends, who also remember me "*with recollected love*;"—but to dismiss the subject of egotism, too apt to mingle with every scene of fond remembrance.

Durham is old, irregular, and by no means handsome; yet the adjacent scenery is picturesque. The high banks sloping to the river, are enriched by beautiful and luxuriant woods, above which the venerable cathedral, with its antique pinnacles and broad square

towers, rise in majestic beauty ; and the two bridges, with the Bishop's palace, tend to embellish the scene. The Wear flows at the foot of these banks ;, but it wants the clearness and rapidity of the Scotch rivers, to please those who have recently been accustomed to view them.

The cathedral is a magnificent pile of building.* It is 411 feet long and 80 in breadth. It contains three aisles, which have a stately and noble appearance. In the eastern one were formerly nine altars ; in the south four, and in the middle one, dedicated to St. Cuthbert ; there is a superb marble-fount. The chancel and altar-piece are of stone, cut into curious open work : behind the altar formerly stood the shrine of St.

* Mr. W—— told me that when Dr. Johnson visited my father at Durham, on his way to Scotland ; his remark on the structure of the cathedral was its being “ famous for rocky solidity, and indeterminate duration.”

Cuthbert. The body is now interred in a vault beneath. *

The venerable Bede's remains are deposited in this cathedral.

The service is performed with more

" The body of St. Cuthbert (says the credulous catholic, Dr. Milner), was first raised from his tomb, in the island of Lindisfarne, eleven years after his death, which took place in the desert island of Farne, in the year 687 ; and on that occasion, it is reported by Bede, in his Ecclesiastical History, and in both his Prose and his Metrical Life of St. Cuthbert, to have been incorrupt. Having been afterwards removed, together with the episcopal see, to Durham, it was, with great pomp and publicity, examined by the then Bishop of that see, a second time, 418 years after the death of St. Cuthbert, which corresponds with the year 1105, during the reign of Henry I. at which time it was again found incorrupt, with the limbs flexible, and the vestments entire, as Simeon of Durham testifies ; who declares, that he not only saw, but handled the body. The same facts are reported by William of Malmesbury, Roger Hovedon, and other original writers, who were either contemporaries with these facts, or lived very near the times when they happened."—**ARCHÆOLOGIA, OR MISCELLANEOUS TRACTS RELATING TO ANTIQUITY.**

solemnity and apparent piety here than I have observed in other cathedrals which I have visited. After attending public worship yesterday morning, I accompanied the Rev. Mr. W—— to Coken, formerly a fine seat, but at present converted into a sanctuary for a few of the Carmelite nuns who took refuge in England at the period of the French Revolution. The sequestered situation of this beautiful place is most happily formed for the convenience of its present possessors. Remote from the high road, the house is situated in woods, which clothe the rocks that spread along the margin of the river. When the former possessor lived at Coken, I am told this spot was visited by all strangers, being the principal object in the neighbourhood of Durham worth their observation. Finchale Abbey, now in a ruinous condition, is happily placed on the borders of the river; and though its dimensions are inconsiderable, yet its open arches, festooned with ivy, render

its appearance interesting, from the wild solitude in which it stands.*

The scenery is lovely; and to those persons who have only been accustomed to pastoral objects, the diversified windings of the river beneath the shelving and woody rocks with the ruinous priory, must be highly pleasing, from combining, though on a small scale, the scenery which forms always the romantic and sublime in landscapes.

The mansion of Coken stands on elevated ground. Its ancient appearance is characteristic of the use to which it is now appropriated; and in former times it was the scene of the savage austerities of St. Goodrick.

On our arrival we were shewn into a

* "Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, is by some called the founder of Finchale Priory, but Tanner gives that honor to his son Henry, who, about the year 1196, settled here a prior and monks of the Benedictine order, subordinate to Durham."

small parlour, hung with scriptural pieces; in all of them the figure of our Saviour was the most prominent. The prioress and sub-prioress, on their entrance, asked the benediction of the Rev. Mr. W.—, and then most courteously addressed me. I expected to have seen these nuns with countenances of a pensive expression, and an air and manner solemn and reserved; but there was so much native cheerfulness in their looks; so much ease in their deportment and address, that, except by their habit, I should not have considered them of a different faith from myself. I never saw a more beautiful or interesting countenance than that of the sub-prioress. There was something angelic in the expression of her eyes, and bespoke the serenity of her mind. Her smile was captivating, and the roses on her cheeks told how much luxury and indulgence is a foe to health. There was no pallid countenance, no sunken eye or languor in her appearance.

This description is not the high colour-

ing of romance, but the most simple truth; this nun, I was afterwards informed by all who have seen her, is considered extremely beautiful.

The coarse dark brown garment she wore, close head-dress, and black veil, contrasted with the whiteness of the linen that shrouded her face, tended rather to embellish than disguise her.

There are five and twenty nuns in this convent; they are of the Carmelite order, the same which Madame de la Valiere assumed when she withdrew from the court of Lewis XIV.

These nuns came from Lieers in Flanders, two leagues from Antwerp.

These females were clothed in a very coarse dark brown woollen garment, with long loose sleeves, and beneath were habiliments of the same materials, for they are not suffered to wear linen.

Their shoes were *sabots*, very heavy and clumsy. The prioress told me if they could procure even coarser garments they would prefer them. Round

their waist is worn a leather girdle, and they always have the image of our Saviour suspended on the cross, fastened to their robes, as near the heart as possible.

The prioress conducted us through a long narrow passage, of monastic appearance, into the refectory, where the table was spread with neatness, but in the most homely manner. For each of the nuns there was set a plate on a coarse napkin, with a knife and fork, a horn spoon, and an earthen mug. At the bottom of the table was placed a death's head. "You see," said the prioress, "we have always a *memento mori* before us."

The refectory was hung with about a dozen portraits of nuns who had belonged to their convent, in their full habit; each of them bearing a cross.

From the refectory we were shewn into the chapel, in which place the prioress addressed her discourse to me in so low a whisper that I could not hear a word she said. The chapel was ornamented

with pictures, but all of them were representations of dying Saviours. The one above the altar was Jesus on the cross, and a female (the foundress of the convent) kneeling before him. The altar was decorated with a profusion of artificial flowers, made by the nuns, and covered with a rich piece of embroidery, worked by one of them an hundred years ago.

I wished exceedingly to have been admitted to vespers, and to have beheld their cells, neither of which was permitted; but I considered myself fortunate in seeing so much, as I understand it is very seldom they will receive strangers. And I am indebted to my father's friend, Mr. W——, who is of the church of Rome, for the gratification afforded me.

The Carmelite nuns used always to sleep in their coffins, which Madame de la Valliere, notwithstanding the luxuries of a court, to which she had so long been accustomed, regularly adhered to. And

though that custom is not here practised, these females lie on nothing better, I am told, than a hard pallet. They rise every morning at five o'clock to vespers, and dine at eleven, never taste meat, and their greatest indulgence is fish, eggs, and coffee.

Yet with all this self-denial, how interesting is their appearance! how happy, how contented their aspect! Most true it is, that

“Nuns want but little here below,”

and how few are our real necessities, except those of our own creating.

On taking leave of the nuns at Coken, we proceeded to Aycliffheads, the elegant villa of F. J——, Esq. the brother of my friends at Standhall, where we spent the day. Afterwards I had the gratification of being introduced to the Rev. Mr. Grahame, author of the beautiful poem called “The Sabbath.” It was a matter of infinite regret to me, not having heard this gentleman from the

pulpit, for I understood his delivery is as eloquent, as it is pious and impressive. Such I should readily believe to be the case, for I seldom have conversed with any person, whose discourse has excited a stronger wish to have known more of him and his lady, as both seemed of a superior order of persons.

One, of a very different description, drank tea with my friends the other evening; this was Count Borowlaski, who, for many years, exhibited himself to the public, and is allowed to be the most perfect Lilliputian that has ever been seen. The count is now in his seventy-second year; but so full of vivacity, pleasantness, and good breeding, as to render him a most entertaining companion; and he may be considered one of the greatest natural prodigies of the present day.

LETTER LII.



Stamford, October 30.

FROM Durham I proceeded direct to York, where I remained a day, for the purpose of visiting the noble Minster. This stately structure is allowed to be the handsomest, as well as the largest, cathedral in England. It stands on a wide extent of ground. The length is five hundred and twenty-four feet, and the breadth of the cross two hundred and twenty-two; the highest part one hundred and eighty feet. The west front is adorned with two noble towers, supported by a Gothic arch; and between these towers is the large window of beautiful painted glass. All the windows of this cathedral are fitted with painted glass, finished in the most

exquisite manner ; the effect produces that

“ Dim religious light,”

which conspires to heighten the gloomy grandeur of the magnificent aisles.

In the great east window are representations of different scriptural histories ; one of a circular form, above the entrance called the Marygold window, from its colour has a most luminous appearance. The choir is divided by a curious stone screen, the front of which is ornamented with statues of the Kings of England, from William the Conqueror to Henry the Sixth. Above is the organ. The altar is ascended by a flight of steps, and the body of the church is paved with black and white marble ; it has a good effect.

The chapter-house is Gothic, and in form octagon. It is the only one I have ever seen without an elliptical pillar in the centre to support the roof. It is lighted by seven windows, painted in fine taste.

It is said, that when Pope Pius the Second returned from his embassy in Scotland, and visited this cathedral and chapter-house, he called it the most beautiful and grandest edifice in the universe.

The city is on a plain, and contains few spacious or handsome looking streets. On the banks of the Ouse there is an agreeable gravel walk, above a mile in length, which is shaded by lofty lime trees.

At Durham I began to be first sensible of the change in the language and general aspect of things. On advancing into Yorkshire, the rich woodlands, fertile meads, with the clean farm-houses and rural villages, in which the smallest cottage bespeak neatness and comfort, cannot be passed over without observation, so striking is the contrast in the two countries.

Nottinghamshire is a cheerful rich county. Newark is situated on the Trent, which is one of the finest English rivers.

The castle, now a ruin, appears to have been a stately structure, and to have been of considerable strength. Its lofty and extensive battlements bespeak its former magnificence.

The church, which was built by King Henry the Fourth, is a handsome structure ; the spire is exceedingly noble.

From Newark I passed into Lincolnshire. This county has little claim to beauty in its scenery, being flat and marshy. Grantham is a large place, of some antiquity ; and like all the English towns, contains a handsome church. Indeed, even the villages derive consequence from those noble buildings.

Stamford, which is a good looking town, contains several fine churches. Situated about a mile from it, is Burleigh, the ancient and magnificent seat of the Marquis of Exeter.

LETTER LIII.



Weymouth Street, November, 1810.

Set down again in this vast metropolis, and having terminated a tour fraught, it is to be hoped, with some instruction as well as amusement, I shall now take my leave of your Ladyship. Whether it will be *finally*, rests with the public to determine. If the scenery described, the remarks, anecdotes, and historical facts recorded; meet with approbation, and tend to interest and please, from the fidelity of the narrative contained in the foregoing pages; then, perhaps, I may be induced at some future period to extend my excursions into the more interior parts of Scotland.

With the highest respect, Madam,
for those virtues which dignify and adorn

your character, I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's

truly obliged,

and obedient humble Servant,

ELIZABETH ISABELLA SPENCE.

THE END.

APPENDIX.



LORD GARDENSTON.—The following authentic particulars of the early life of this distinguished character are subjoined in addition to the original information in page 154, vol. 2.

Francis Garden, second son to ——— Garden, of Troup, was born 21st June, 1721, in Writer's Court, Edinburgh, in which city his father, who then followed the profession of the law, resided. He received the first rudiments of his education from a private tutor in his grandfather's house of Troup, in Aberdeenshire. From thence he was sent to the public school of Foveran, in the same county, the tuition of which had acquired at that period very just celebrity, and in which many who afterwards made a distinguished figure in life received the more essential parts of their education, particularly their knowledge of the Latin language, for the teaching of which the master of that seminary was then peculiarly eminent.

By the death of the master of this school, Mr. Garden was removed to the public school of Forres, in Morayshire, where he remained till he went to Edinburgh College, in the year 1736. From college he went to attend the classes in different branches of

APPENDIX.

jurisprudence, to qualify him for appearing at the bar; and to which, after the usual course of previous study, he was called, with the highest opinion of his genius and information, by those who then occupied the Bench of the Courts of Session and Justiciary. His superior talents at the bar very soon attracted attention, and procured him the distinguished situation of King's Counsel, and Sheriff of Kincardineshire.

In this county he purchased, and afterwards greatly improved, his estate of Johnston, to which his favourite village of Lawrencekirk was an appendage. His appointments as one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and a Judge of the Court of Justiciary, in Scotland, by the title of Lord Gardenstone, called forth those energies of character, and legal information, as a judge, by which he was so eminently and justly distinguished.—Lawrencekirk is also the birth-place of Dr. Beattie. His parents were in obscure life, but were possessed of superior intellectual endowments. Dr. Beattie owed the first rudiments of his education to the parish school of Lawrencekirk, from whence he removed to the Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he studied in the Greek class under Principal Blackwell. Dr. Beattie's future attainments, and the reputation he so justly acquired as a poet and a philosopher, are already known.

LUNATIC ASYLUM, ABERDEEN.

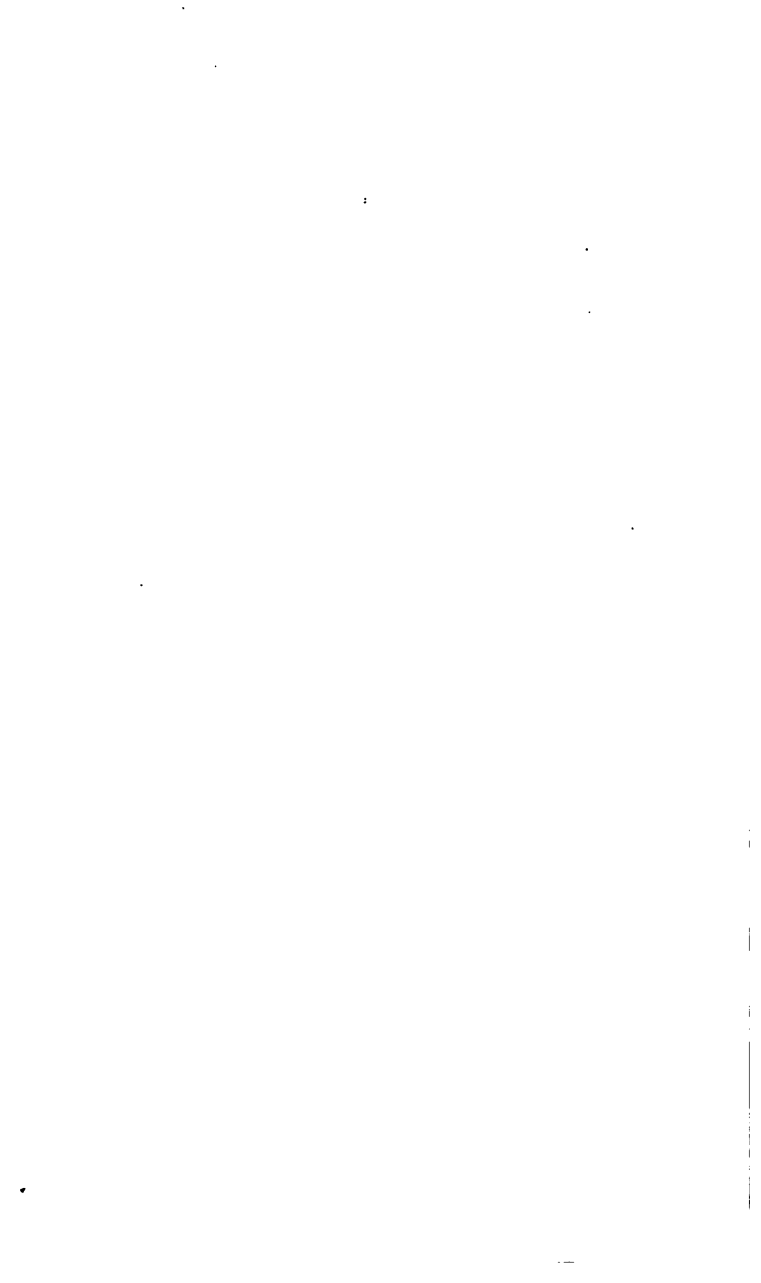
The importance of the subject induces me to annex here the following statement, which may be added to what is mentioned at page 71.

There is at present accommodation in this asylum for forty patients. It may be increased at pleasure, or as the funds may admit. There are about two acres of ground annexed to it. Fifteen pounds sterling per annum is the lowest rate of board, twenty pounds the second, and twenty-five the third; payment above these is as circumstances will allow. At present there are patients in the charity, ten; in the fifteen pound rate, twenty; at twenty pounds, six; and at twenty-five pounds, three.

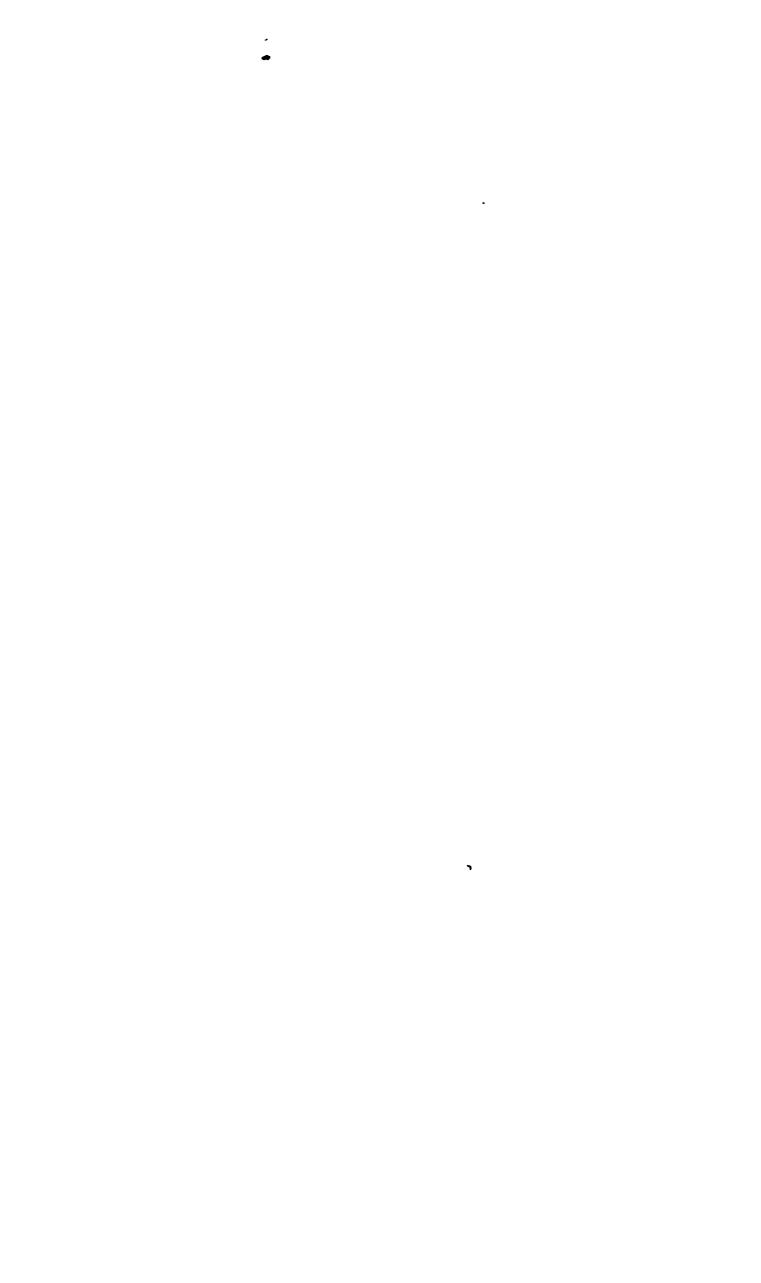
The funds from which the ground was purchased, and the buildings erected, which stand in the hospital's book at three thousand pounds, were raised by the voluntary and charitable contribution, solely of the citizens of Aberdeen. The charge is supported in part from the same source, but chiefly from payments made by the patients admitted. The general management is under the superintendence of the Managers of the Infirmary, of which the care of insane persons was originally a branch; but for whom till the year 1800, the only accommodation was a few cells in the ground floor, and their only attendance from the nurses of the infirmary. Convinced of the injury done to the other patients, by insane persons being under the same roof with them, the Ma-

nagers were led to turn their thoughts to an institution of more appropriate accommodation, and of which the expence is now kept distinct from that of the infirmary. The Trustees of Baillie Cargill gave £. 1128 18s. 6d. as a donation, and John Ewen, Esq. £. 50, which have since been augmented by numerous other donations and legacies, such as those of Mr. J. Cushnie of £. 500, and Mr. J. Hawkins Browne, £. 300, &c. A Treasurer is appointed, who is accountable for all receipts and disbursements.

Two of the physicians in this place voluntarily undertook, and have, since the commencement of the Institution, gratuitously taken charge of the medical department. By a regulation of the Institution, a report of the patients is annually to be made to the magistrates, and they are invited to inspect the hospital. Indeed, they are, by the original charter, appointed managers, along with the professors of medicine in the university, and other official persons from the different societies of the community, and donors to the Charity. The regulations and management of the house are printed.







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